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NOTES.

THE politicians of the Cretan movement are naturally pleased with the bargain which the Powers have arranged for them with the Sultan. A Christian governor, with unfettered authority in the matter of appointments, presiding over a Civil Service of which two-thirds of the officials must be Christians, presents an extremely beneficent outlook to these gentlemen. But the Cretans in the mountains who have tasted blood are not so easily satisfied. With them it is not so much a question of becoming tax-collectors or customs inspectors as of carrying on their blood-feud with their hated Mussulman neighbours until the island is cleared of Turks altogether. The Mohammedan population, too, has to be counted with. Although greatly in the minority, it has been educated by generations of friction with the Greek islanders into a fine fighting state, and it will not submit to being abandoned by the Sultan without a struggle. All this may easily prolong turbulence on the island, and there is always the imminent chance of a dynastic collapse at Constantinople, which may precipitate an orgy of racial throat-cutting all over the Empire; but these apart, it must be confessed that the Cretan Settlement, as promulgated by the Sultan, is vastly superior to anything else that Europe has extorted from the reluctant Porte during the present reign.

The Cretans had only to take up arms, surprise Turkish troops in ambush, and beleaguer Turkish garrisons in remote citadels, to excite the warm admiration of Europe, and secure their autonomy by the intervention of the Powers. What more natural than that the woebegone Armenian should take this lesson to heart? It is true that at Zeitoun an Armenian force fought for months against superior numbers of Turkish regulars with great bravery and success; but somehow the fact failed to alter the dominant European conception of the Armenian, which is that of a cowardly and unscrupulous huckster, who may have a cunning brain, but lacks the qualities of a manly race. It seems plain enough that a desire to change this impression, and to show that Armenians could fight as well as Cretans, was at the back of the curious seizure of the Ottoman Bank, which began the terrible riots in Constantinople.

The result has been to strengthen the Western idea that the Armenian's genius does not lie in the direction of warfare. Of the sixty men told off for the Bank demonstration, only fifteen remained to face the end, and they, when they were finally led off to the safety of Sir Edgar Vincent's yacht, had nothing to show for their exploit but the knowledge that none of the other planned

risings had come off, and that the streets of Galata were running with the blood of their slaughtered co-religionists. Yet, grotesque as the Ottoman Bank affair seems, there is something to be said for the view that it has served the Armenian cause. It may be assumed that there will be the customary backwash of massacres in Asia Minor, following upon the bloody carnage in Constantinople, and it seems really impossible that Europe should remain longer a passive spectator.

It was, no doubt, very charming and philosophic of Mr. Arthur Balfour to visit Mr. Gladstone at Hawarden; and yet any one can see the unwisdom of the act. No one ever accused Mr. Balfour of harbouring any political prejudices, but he should remember that he is not a private individual, and cannot, therefore, do as he likes. Disraeli characteristically observed in "Vivian Grey" that "to rule men we must be men; in order to be giants we must be dwarfs." A political leader is bound to study and humour the prejudices of his followers. Now the majority of Mr. Balfour's supporters still regard Mr. Gladstone as *anathema maranatha*.

Some of them he has injured in their fortunes by the initiation of Irish land legislation, and we fancy that some of them were not sure whether the ample folds of the frock coat which Mr. Gladstone affected in the House of Commons did not conceal a tail. Anyway they will not understand why Mr. Balfour should go out of his way to pay his respects to one who has spent so large a portion of his life in thwarting and hurting them. It will be one more proof to them that Mr. Balfour does not share their inward feelings; that he is superior to their likes and dislikes; and that he is, after all, too intellectually detached ever to be more than a half-hearted politician.

With all deference to Mr. Goschen's abilities as a debater and an administrator, which we fully recognize, he has not the least right in the world either to ignore or to be "huffy" about Lord Charles Beresford's speeches on the manning of the navy. The "Times" is kind enough to allow that even the man in the street may criticize our system of national defence. But Lord Charles Beresford is a great deal more than the man in the street; on such a subject as manning the navy he is a distinguished expert. He is not an engineer, and therefore there may be other men whose opinion on boilers or water-tight compartments may be more valuable than his. But on such a subject as the number and quality of our blue-jackets there is no one whose opinion we would rather have than that of Lord Charles Beresford.

Mr. Goschen is therefore making himself slightly ridiculous by pretending to treat Lord Charles Beresford

lightly, and by answering, with official *morgue*, that he will propose as many men next Session as he may think necessary. The First Lord of the Admiralty is on such a matter entirely in the hands of the First Sea Lord, and all that Mr. Goschen's testiness means is that he will pit Sir Frederick Richards against Lord Charles Beresford. The case of our Naval Reserve does seem to us very serious. As Lord Charles reminds us in his letter to the "Times" on Thursday, we have no short-service system in the navy as in the army. The Navy Reserve is, therefore, entirely supplied from the merchant service, and in that service the proportion of British to foreign sailors has been steadily declining, until it has reached the alarmingly low figure of between 20 and 25 per cent.

In spite of everything that has been said and written on the subject during the last eighteen months, those who are in a position to know best maintain that there is no duly signed and sealed treaty of alliance between Russia and France. They aver, moreover, that whatever rough drafts of such a document there may be lying in the archives of the Quai d'Orsay are the essays of French and not of Russian diplomatists in that direction. They go further still, and challenge M. Hanotaux to produce a single paper of this kind, marginally or otherwise annotated by a responsible pen of the Russian Foreign Office.

On the face of it, the challengers seem to proceed on a safe basis; for, even if the document exists, either à l'état de projet or comme fait accompli, M. Hanotaux is both tongue-tied and hand-tied with regard to its communication. Nevertheless, there appears to be a considerable amount of outside evidence to disprove its existence, provided this evidence be read between the lines; for, while it stoutly maintains the existence of the paper, it professes itself unable to supply the slightest clue as to its provisions. This is notably the case with the utterances of one of the, if not the, best of French political writers—namely, M. Valfrey, whose *nom de guerre* is "Whist." According to him, the treaty dates from 1891, that is from at least three years before the death of Alexander III. M. Valfrey is a talented and generally well-informed man, but we maintain that the late Tsar, up to the day of his death, signed no treaty of alliance between Russia and France.

Why should Alexander III. have waited for ten years or more after his father's death to put the final touch to the practical reversal of the latter's policy, the germs of which reversal were really sown after the memorable interviews at Skierniwicz and Kremsine? There is not the least doubt that Alexander III., immediately after these interviews, informed the late M. Nicolas de Giers of his intention not to renew "the pact of the Three Emperors," but he at the same time told him what he had expressed before—viz. "that Russia meant to keep an absolutely free hand, that she had no need of alliances, that no danger threatened her, and that she sought no quarrel with any one."

That Russia stands financially in need of France at this moment is an indisputable fact. That France has loosened her purse-strings for the last few years to an extent which is only surprising to those who do not know Frenchmen is another fact. That compensation is expected for those sacrifices by that part of the nation whose credulity is not altogether boundless is a third. That Russia has nothing to offer in compensation except an alliance is a fourth. The presence of the would-be further borrower in the capital of the lender may bring it about. Nay, and probably will. The treaty, if it be signed, will not be a fortnight old before it is flaunted in the face of the whole of the civilized world. This will be sufficient proof that there was no former one (except that between Napoleon I. and Alexander I.) to flaunt.

We are a little disappointed in Mr. Chamberlain's selection of a successor to Sir Jacobus de Wet. It is one of those commonplace appointments which give the Secretary of State no trouble in the newspapers (the chief object of most Ministers), and which, if they

should not turn out well, relieve him of all responsibility. For was not an experienced diplomatist asked, or rather shouted for? And has not Mr. Greene been through the conventional diplomatic mill? Yes, but we expected more originality of choice from Mr. Chamberlain. The ordinary diplomatist, who has passed his life in foreign capitals smoking cigarettes, summarizing despatches, and attending Court functions, is generally as ignorant of politics as Mr. Chamberlain is of Chinese music. What is wanted at Pretoria for the next few years is a politician, with a cool and clear head, plenty of nerve, and a thorough knowledge of the trend of public opinion at home. Unless Mr. Greene has the intuition of genius, he will have to learn a great deal.

President Kruger, his Council, and his Raads differ from the ordinary European Court and its Chancery as widely as the North from the South Pole, and will require to be handled in a totally different manner. Mr. Greene has all the charm of a well-bred Irishman who has lived in the best Continental society. But Johannesburg is not Athens, nor is Pretoria the Hague. Colonial society has its own ways, which are not those of *la haute volée* in Paris or Vienna. Both Afrikaners and Britishers in the Transvaal have a strong dash of Republicanism in their ideas. If Mr. Greene is a really clever man, he will adapt himself to a difficult situation. He certainly has an opening, which he will either clear with *κῆδος*, or in which, like another Curtius, he will be entombed.

The unusually large majority which the Republicans have obtained in the Vermont State election is not so significant as the New York correspondents believe, or profess to believe, it to be. The suggestions of the "Daily News" man, for example, that "it shows that the Republicans will sustain Mr. McKinley in an unbroken mass," and "it is thought by many that Mr. Bryan's campaign may collapse before the election arrives," are such arrant nonsense that it is impossible to assume its good faith. Vermont is a small, backward State of an almost unmixed New England voting population, which has for forty years prided itself on unswerving allegiance to the Republican party. One of its Senators, Mr. Morrill, was the author of the first Republican War Tariff, passed in the early sixties, and the State has been vehemently Protectionist ever since. The nomination of Mr. McKinley would, therefore, appeal with peculiar force to Republican voters there, even if the Silver propaganda had made any headway among them, which it was known months ago was not the case. On the other hand, the Vermont Democrats are very proud of their solitary man of distinction, Mr. E. J. Phelps, late Minister to England, and since he is openly for Mr. McKinley, it is not surprising that they should have followed him. On the other hand, it is a question whether this display of sectional solidarity in an Eastern State may not have the effect of provoking a similar exhibition on Mr. Bryan's behalf in Western States which have heretofore been classed as doubtful.

It is a pity that Lord Aberdeen and Sir Charles Tupper are both strong political partizans. The Governor-General of Canada is, as is well known, a pronounced Radical, whilst the late Conservative Premier is a strong Conservative. We regret this, because a constitutional point of some nicety has arisen between them, which ought to be discussed in an atmosphere clear of party politics. Sir Charles Tupper dissolved the Canadian Parliament in the summer, and the general election resulted in a majority of Liberals. Thereupon Sir Charles Tupper proceeded to fill up a number of permanent posts, including some judges, and submitted his appointments for confirmation by the Crown. The Governor-General refused to sanction the appointments, on the ground that Sir Charles Tupper was politically defunct; and then, but not before, the Prime Minister resigned his seals.

By constitutional usage, amounting to law, a Prime Minister remains in office until he resigns, which he is

not bound to do until he is defeated in the House of Commons: he may or may not accept the decision of the polls. In 1874 and 1880 Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Disraeli resigned upon the results of the polls. But in 1885 and 1892 Lord Salisbury met Parliament and waited to be turned out by vote of censure. It is clear therefore that technically Sir Charles Tupper was right and Lord Aberdeen was wrong. But we cannot say whether Sir Charles Tupper's conduct was discreet or even decorous until we know the precise facts. A certain amount of patronage is always allowed to an outgoing Premier. He is allowed, for instance, to distribute any number of titles and ribbons. But it would be manifestly indecent if he were, on his political deathbed, to create vacancies for the purpose of filling them with his nominees. It is a question of degree and good feeling, and we should like to know the exact facts in Sir Charles Tupper's case—whether, for instance, the posts were vacant before or after the General Election.

The Italian peasants who go abroad for work have not the talent of making themselves beloved. Nothing is easier in the South of France than to get up an anti-Italian riot, and in the United States, whether it be among the Sicilian fruit-peddlers at New Orleans, or the Tuscan mine-labourers in Pennsylvania, the standing feud against them periodically expresses itself in lynchings and mob violence. The "dago" is everywhere an object of popular dislike, whom even the despised Chinaman feels free to contemn. Public feeling in Italy runs very high on this subject, and the Italian Government has suffered a great deal in popularity through its inability to adopt a threatening tone at Paris and Washington over the wrongs done to its subjects. But it will be a safer matter to bully Brazil, and accordingly a special envoy is already on the sea bearing an Italian ultimatum to the Government at Rio Janeiro, where Italian cheap labour is being most spitefully used.

Lord Rosebery thinks that R. L. Stevenson should have a memorial erected to him. Well; but what? and where? As for the "where," Lord Rosebery suggests Edinburgh; and, on the whole, probably he is right. To be sure one does find, in the newly published "Songs of Travel" by Stevenson, the following lines descriptive of the Scotch capital in winter:—

"The belching winter wind, the missile rain,
The rare and welcome silence of the snows,
The laggard morn, the haggard day, the night,
The grimy spell of the nocturnal town,
Do you remember?—Ah, could one forget!"

This is not precisely complimentary to Edinburgh; but nevertheless Stevenson really loved his own romantic town, and it is well that the memorial should be there, if anywhere.

Sir Robert Peel and Miss Williamson have appealed unto Cæsar, and unto Cæsar they shall go. It is quite impossible that the confidences about their engagement which have appeared in the "Daily Mail" can have been inserted without the consent and without the inspiration of this interesting couple. Sir Robert Peel has inherited some of his father's brains, some of his good looks, and all of his mercurial temperament. Miss Williamson is the daughter of a wealthy manufacturer of oil-cloth, who was made Lord Ashton by Lord Rosebery, not, we have been assured, because he subscribed to the party funds, but because, we suppose, "he gave himself the trouble to be born," or perhaps because he was one of the muzzled Ciceros so rare, and therefore so precious, in the House of Commons.

Sir Robert Peel was introduced to Miss Williamson, fell in love with her at first sight, invited her and his future *belle mère* down to Drayton, and in three days was accepted. All this we have been baldly told by the "Daily Mail," as well as the fact that Lord Ashton promised to settle £15,000 or £20,000 a year (the Editor is not sure which) on his daughter. If Sir Robert Peel had been content to keep his happiness to himself, for a short time at all events, he might, in sporting parlance, have pulled the thing off. But he

must needs take the "Daily Mail" into his confidence, with the result that there arrived an anonymous letter from a lady to his future bride. And now, according to the "Daily Mail," the affair is hopelessly off, and the Editor sheds tears over the blighted affections of the innocent young things. Could anything be more ludicrous or offensive? Sir Robert Peel has lived, and there is not a young man of pleasure about town against whom scores of anonymous letters might not be produced at twenty-four hours' notice. We have not much sympathy with the bereaved baronet, for he has brought about a ridiculous fiasco by his own foolish love of publicity.

Mr. Henry Norman, journalist, having once spent forty-eight hours at Belgrade, is pleased to pose as the only English authority on Serbia, and, whenever anything is written about that country, he hastens to set every one flippantly to rights. Some recent articles in such diversified publications as the "Daily News," the "Pall Mall Gazette," and the "Saturday Review" having praised, in chorus, the promise of Serbia and of the Servian army, this Jack-in-the-Box springs up to exclaim that the various writers must be knaves and fools. In that egregious journal "Cosmopolis," he announces that praise of Serbia is "amusing to anybody who knows Serbia" (*i.e.* from a sojourn of forty-eight hours), and that "few people in England know much about Serbia, or no man would dare to write this sort of rubbish, and no editor would venture to print it." The "rubbish" in question is the statement, by a high military authority who has written Sandhurst textbooks and has just visited every garrison in Serbia, that by the end of this year "Serbia will possess a very compact little force"—not vehement praise after all. This dogmatism on the part of a globe-trotting journalist, who notoriously does not know one end of a soldier from the other, is distinctly amusing.

Mr. J. Gennadius has directed attention to the fact that in the Cathedral Church at Canterbury there is no record, either in monument or in inscription, of perhaps the most eminent of its archbishops, Theodore of Tarsus. By the general consent of historians from Bede to Bishop Stubbs, there is no greater name in the annals of our Church than that of the illustrious Greek who between 669 and 690 established and organized the second British Church, founded, with the aid of his assistants Hadrian and Benedict Biscop, the schools of Kent, and so permanently introduced learning and culture into England. It was this great man who may be said to have initiated our national literature, for our first poetry followed in the wake of his educational efforts. Nor is this all. Not only did he deposit several Greek manuscripts, and among them a copy of Homer, in the Library at Canterbury, but he provided for instruction in Greek as well as in Latin, and so inaugurated classical learning in England. If Highland Mary has and Sir Augustus Harris is to have a statue, surely the comparatively insignificant claims of this prelate to some sort of memorial are at any rate worth considering.

The writer who takes "Recent Novels" under his care in the "Times" still maintains his peculiar pre-eminence; he writes the worst English we have ever come across in a London daily paper. In every article he shows himself to be illiterate, slipshod, vulgar, and brainless. Let us take the column and a half in Wednesday's paper and come to the proofs. He writes "To extract from the novel, is difficult," and sets our teeth on edge with his ignorance and wilful bad taste. Again, "it almost tries the eyes which the style in which it is printed, by the bye, actually does"—"which the style in which"! And again, "His (Maurus Jokái's) fault is that he is given to be a little technical. This time it (*sic!*) is coal mines, with treatises on 'choke damp' and 'fire damp,' and how to fight them. This sort of thing is an error in fiction, because we know that the subject has been read up for the reader's benefit, who does not wish to be instructed but only interested." These sentences are a fair specimen of what we last week called "this drivel."

PRINCE LOBANOFF AND RUSSIAN DIPLOMACY.

THE human mind instinctively shrinks from recognizing sudden death as one of the possible factors in the affairs of mankind; it is for ever being shocked and dazed by the disappearance of some distinguished figure at a critical moment, just as if such a thing had never happened before. In all these eighteen months of anxious forebodings and heart-searchings through which troubled Europe has been passing, the thought that Prince Lobanoff might die occurred to no one. It is true that he was considerably over seventy, and had led a life of studious calm which was the worst possible preparation for the strain of not only personally controlling the politics of Europe, but travelling about to organize new combinations. Nevertheless his sudden death astounded everybody. The surrounding circumstances, no doubt, rendered the event exceptionally dramatic. The young Tsar, whose coronation was darkened by the most grievous disaster of modern times, might be forgiven for believing himself doomed to misfortune; for it was to gratify his whim for a stroll in the moonlit fields that the Imperial train was stopped, and the party descended to walk, and the venerable Foreign Minister, after a few steps, was seized with the fatal aneurism. Millions of superstitious Russians must have already marked this second sinister portent of the new reign with an increased sense of impending evil. Nor was it possible for people who are not called superstitious to escape being impressed by the coincidence of the latest wholesale massacre of Armenians with the sudden dropping dead of the statesman who, by general consent, bore the largest responsibility for that bloodshed.

In estimating the value of the current assurances that Russia's foreign policy will remain unchanged by his decease, it is important to consider just what it was that Prince Lobanoff did. First of all, he was a great noble, the head of a house which not only traced its descent from Rurik, but which exercised territorial sovereignty over Rostoff before Romanoffs or Hohenzollerns or Hapsburgs were heard of. This fact in itself gave him a point of view which was certainly not that of his predecessor, M. de Giers, and is as unlikely to be shared by his successor, whoever he may be. To Prince Lobanoff the aggrandizement of Russia was a passion, a religion, a career. He possessed to its fullest measure the old Russian indifference to the contemporary sentiments and opinions of other nations. His profession of diplomacy took him abroad, where he disliked London, tolerated Berlin, and enjoyed Vienna, but where neither political aversions nor private friendships ever obscured for a moment his clear conception of his task, which was to serve his own country and no other. In Western Europe—with its eager desire to embrace the whole world in its daily comprehension, to know everything that is going on, to sympathize with, marvel over, or pass judgment upon a thousand things which do not really concern it at all—public men of this type are practically unknown. The narrowest Chauvinist of a Western nation does not wholly rid himself of the effects of international contact; the consideration that foreigners are of flesh and blood, with hopes and fears and standards of happiness very much like his own, forces itself upon his mind continually and irresistibly. Prince Bismarck has, indeed, striven hard to persuade the world that he is such a man, and that for him humanity ends at the German frontiers; but it is with him only a pretence, which he pushes forward with brutal insistence when he remembers it, and as often forgets altogether.

But Prince Lobanoff was truly such a man. As we have said, he delighted in Vienna as a place of residence, and there most of his friendships were centred; but he would have seen Vienna sacked and razed to the ground without a qualm if the interests of the Tsar had demanded it. Having convinced himself that Ferdinand of Bulgaria would be a useful creature at Russia's heel, he gave his assent to that Prince's plans for bringing Bulgaria round. The fact that they began with the butchery of Stambuloff may or may not have surprised Prince Lobanoff; it certainly did not affect in the

slightest his attitude of paternal kindness toward the murderers. As to the Armenians, the commotion which their sufferings created throughout the civilized world must have been largely unintelligible to him. His duty, as he saw it, was to prevent this commotion from unduly shaking the rotten fabric of the Turkish Empire, and nothing more. The Southern Russian dislikes the Armenian rather more than he does the Jew, and the Prince quite frankly reflected this dislike. He did not go out of his way to vilify the Armenians, as Bismarck did the Cretans, because he was by habit a silent man, and if he had a foolish side he sheltered it under the veil of privacy; but he made it clear to the other Powers that Russia would not accept any number of murdered Armenians as a sufficient pretext for breaking down the Sultan's authority. The results of this attitude form the most repellent chapter in the history of modern civilization, but the very fact that Prince Lobanoff was serenely indifferent to the world's opinion on the subject gave him the strength to impose his policy upon the other Continental Empires, and thus to dictate the course of Europe. Now that he is dead, and the ghastly details of the latest massacres in Constantinople are beginning to filter through the public mind, Europe begins to be amazed at its own criminal weakness in submitting to his dictation.

The successor to Prince Lobanoff at the Russian Foreign Office could not maintain the situation which he created, even if he desired to do so. Russia has no other available man of Prince Lobanoff's force, rank, independence of character, and metallic concentration on a single purpose. Four or five possible candidates are named, of whom, for the moment, M. Shishkine is most spoken of. This person has been for a long time the principal subordinate at the Ministry of Foreign Affairs, with the development of the Asiatic side of the Empire as his speciality. Of humble origin, he has risen by dint of exceptional abilities to a post of great importance; but, so far as the world has been able to judge, his personal tendencies are all towards restlessness and an active policy of adventure. Doubtless he cares as little about dead Armenians as did his late chief; but he lacks that lofty and sinister calmness of the old Boyar, who restrained Russia with one hand from plunging excitedly into the fracas which the Armenian horrors invited, while with the menace of the other he compelled Europe to stand back and keep quiet. M. Nelidoff, the Russian Ambassador at Constantinople, suggests similar objections. He signed the Treaty of San Stefano in 1878 along with Ignatief, and ever since then he has remained at the Turkish capital as the visible head of the Pan-Slavist intrigues and conspiracies which underlie every phase of the Eastern Question. Like M. Shishkine, he has the reputation of a man eager to fish in troubled waters. If Vienna were consulted, it would prefer Count Kapnist, who succeeded Prince Lobanoff at the Russian Embassy, and the desires of Paris are said to point in the same direction. The German Press discloses an interesting consensus of feeling that Count Schouvaloff, who has governed at Warsaw so well during the past twenty months that the name of Poland has hardly been mentioned in the newspapers, would be the best man for the place; while here in London the Press is restrained by considerations of prudence from confessing how gladly England would welcome the selection of M. de Staal. But these dignified diplomatists, while they are not inferior to Prince Lobanoff in brain-power or patriotism, could none of them take up his task where it fell from his hands, and carry it forward in his spirit, with results like those he obtained. They are all men who combine, with loyalty to their own Empire, an unavoidable sense of some responsibility, at least to civilization and to humanity at large. They could not advise the young Tsar to commit himself to the extermination of a whole Christian people, in the interest of Russia's future in the Levant. Perhaps they would find it as impossible to play Russia's part in the complicated international game of diplomacy without being influenced by personal prepossessions and prejudices. At all events, it may be said with safety that Prince Lobanoff's death closes a period in Russian foreign politics, and that, whatever his successor may do, it will necessarily represent a change.

BRITISH AND FOREIGN COAL.

A FEW days ago it was announced that the Russian Government had decided to supply its Baltic fleet with coal procured from the mines of the Donetz Basin in South Russia. A large proportion of the fuel hitherto consumed on the Russian war vessels has been imported from England, and as this departure is understood to have originated with the Tsar himself on the petition of certain gentlemen interested in the coal-fields of the Caucasus, we may suppose that it will be persisted in, for a time at least, even though it should prove costly. Russia is by no means the best foreign outlet we have for our coal, for its receipts during the past five years have averaged no more than 1,665,000 tons per annum out of a total export—inclusive of the quantity sent abroad for the use of steamers engaged in the foreign trade—which has exceeded 40,000,000 tons. But the tendency in regard to Russia has been an upward one. Between them the mines of the Don and the Donetz Basin yielded last year 7,500,000 tons, of which the share of the last named was, in round figures, 4,000,000 tons. Though of inferior quality, Donetz coal is well enough adapted for manufacturing purposes. It is cheap, moreover, and it has driven English coal completely out of the Batoum market, and partially out of many other markets within easy reach of the Black Sea. But, owing to the heavy cost of transport, it cannot be laid down on the Baltic at a price that will enable it to compete with English and German coal; and as the annual output of the Polish mines is much below the requirements of the manufacturers, shipowners, and others of the North, the shortage has been made up by imports. Coal is, in fact, one of the commodities which the Russian authorities have not been able to keep out of their ports. If, therefore, economic conditions are not to be upset by an order from the Tsar, it must continue to be imported; and, notwithstanding the intention of the Minister of Marine to cheapen rates from the South—if he finds it practicable—it seems certain that it will be found necessary before long to revise the patriotic decision to supply Russian coal alone to the Baltic fleet.

In the meantime we shall experience a partial withdrawal of the Russian demand for our fuel, and that must occasion regret, because, with the increase of competition in all parts of the world, we cannot afford to lose any of our markets. Great Britain is an easy first among coal-producing countries. Germany, which formerly ranked as second, has now given place to the United States. As a factor in the coal situation, however, America does not count for much. It ships coal to Canada and to the West Indies, and in these markets it has to some extent been substituted for the English article. But virtually the whole of its annual output, which last year ran to 152,448,000 tons, is consumed at home; and this output, it may be added, is increasing at a rate which promises to be quite equal to the demands of the growing population—at any rate east of the Rocky Mountains; the Pacific slope being largely dependent for its supplies upon the mines of British Columbia, and upon the imports received from New South Wales, Japan, and Great Britain. In Europe Germany is the country which is increasing its home production and its imports the most rapidly. In 1890 we mined 181,614,288 tons, and in 1895, 189,652,562 tons of coal, or an increase in the five years of a little more than 8,000,000 tons. In 1890 Germany's production of bituminous and brown coal was 79,873,522 metric tons; in 1895 it was 103,876,813 tons, or an increase of just over 24,000,000 tons. Of bituminous coal alone 79,163,615 metric tons were brought to the banks, and this sold at an average price of 6s. 9½d. per ton, or 2½d. per ton higher than the average for 1894. The rise was not great, but when taken in conjunction with the substantial increase of output, it must be accepted as evidence of greater industrial activity throughout the country during last year. While German production is increasing the imports are also increasing, it being necessary to obtain foreign supplies to meet the demands of certain districts. Our own coal exports to Germany last year were 4,143,832 tons, as against 3,893,709 tons in 1894, 3,720,581 tons in 1893, 3,719,143 tons in 1892,

and 4,173,993 tons in 1891. In face of the greater industrial activity, which has been steady for years past, we have not improved our position in those German markets where we can boast of a footing, but are, on the contrary, a little worse off than we were in 1891, while German receipts from other countries have increased by over 10 per cent. Then Germany exports coal. She has obtained a footing in the Californian and Oregon markets. Thanks largely to her enterprise we sent only 465,226 tons of coal to Holland last year, as compared with 776,487 tons in 1891. In relation to Rotterdam, Germany possesses the advantage of easy location, and shippers are aided, moreover, by the rebates granted by the German State railways on all shipments calculated to kill English competition. While we continue to enjoy the largest share of the important coal trade of the Baltic, Norway, Sweden, Belgium, France, Spain, and the Mediterranean, German coal is making headway to our detriment. Apart, however, from German rivalry, of which it is possible to make too much, our shipments to these countries are not growing in proportion to the growing demand. The increase in our total shipments during the past four years has been relatively insignificant. In 1891 we exported to all parts 39,620,611 tons; in 1895 42,519,449 tons. The balance is on the right side, and so far that is cause for congratulation, but is it an adequate share of the increased household, maritime, and manufacturing demand? We think not.

No doubt the force that has operated most powerfully against us here is not the superior energy of any individual rival in a neutral market, though that has made itself felt to some purpose, but the extension of coal-mining in countries which have been in the habit of supplementing their own production by large purchases from us, and which are now not only drawing more upon their own resources for their own needs, but have embraced the advantages of convenient situation to invade other markets. This is the case in South Russia, as we have already pointed out. New South Wales is driving us away from the west coast of North and South America, and a fresh competitor has recently appeared upon this scene in Japan. But for the scores of strikes and lockouts which have marked its recent history, the Australian Newcastle might at this moment be enjoying a monopoly of this particular trade, and its transactions with India, Singapore, and China would also be on a much more extensive scale than they are. Indian and Japanese coal are driving all others away from the East. They are both of inferior steaming quality, but they are both very cheap. Those Indian railways which can be profitably supplied by the Indian mines have taken all their output. Steamship companies trading in the Eastern Seas have found that, with a slight adaptation of furnaces, they can employ Japanese coal with a saving of 40 per cent. to themselves, and they have been deterred by no foolish patriotism in this matter, but have decided to use Japanese coal. This same fuel is brought by Japanese steamers into Calcutta and Bombay, and is employed in the jute and cotton factories of those two great manufacturing centres. Outlets have been found also in Shanghai, Hong Kong, the Philippines, Singapore, and even Australia; and in view of all this it is not surprising to learn that the Japanese coal exports for the first half of this year were the highest recorded for any six months since the opening of the port of Moji to foreign trade. It must be remembered, too, that the home requirements of Japanese coal are large, and owing to the phenomenal spread of manufacture, are constantly increasing. Possibly the supply will give out in time, but the quantity underground will not be exhausted in two generations, according to a very low computation, even after allowing for a continuous increase in the annual yield, and we cannot afford to wait for two-thirds of a century before recovering our lost ground—if it is to be recovered at all. In South Africa the railways have adopted concerted measures with the idea of emancipating themselves from the tyranny of foreign shippers who charge from 27s. 6d. to 39s. per ton, whereas native coal can be laid down on the Rand and at the large towns at 10s. or 15s. per ton, quality for quality, at least in the case of the inferior grades.

It is not surprising that, with the encouragement given, the yield of South African coal should have more than doubled last year. There only remains the Continent. Russia's 40 per cent. duty will not avail to keep the door shut upon foreign coals so long as Russian industries spread: so long as the output of Poland is limited, and so long as the Government do not persist in carrying Donetz coal to the North, regardless of relative prices. But Donetz coal is finding a wider market in the South and along the shores of the Mediterranean, and the mines of Poland increased their production in 1894 by 11 per cent., as compared with the previous year. We do not think readily of France as a coal-mining country, but the yield in that country in 1894 was 27,450,000 tons, as against 17,863,000 tons in 1885. The progress at present is slow, but it is steady in spite of the labour troubles of the past three years, and we cannot hope to retain our hold on the French coal market indefinitely. Even Spain is advancing. The improvement of the port of Musel and the construction of the railway from Robla to Valmaseda have led to the development of the mines of the northern part of the country. Our Italian and Egyptian connexions we may contrive to hold if we are careful to cherish them, though active competitors are doing their best to spoil us here as elsewhere—and, other things being equal, both these markets are more contiguous to some of our rivals than to ourselves. And meanwhile an ever-increasing production and an ever-increasing competition at home and abroad are forcing down prices to an unremunerative level.

IRISH AND ENGLISH PARTIES.

TAKEN by themselves, the speeches delivered at the Dublin Convention are not worth the trouble of reading. At a season of the year when, for the politician, "silence like a poultice comes to heal the blows of sound," no one would allow his ear to be vexed by the dronings and boastings of the various representatives of the Irish race whom Mr. Dillon has managed to collect in Dublin, were it not for the possible consequences and the suggestive moral of the thing. The moral is, of course, that in politics, as in everything else, brains tell in the long run; and that wirepulling, though it will do a good deal, is powerless when confronted with a vigorous personality. The Dublin Convention has emphasized, in rather pitiful fashion, Mr. Dillon's unfitness for the post of Irish leader, a fact which the Parliamentary Session had made plain enough, and of which he is himself apparently conscious. But it has also revealed the fact that, for the time at all events, Mr. Redmond and Mr. Healy are in accord; they are both disposed to act with the Tory Government and against Mr. Dillon. The brains are out of the Dillon movement; all the ability is on one side. Mr. John Redmond is one of the most eloquent and impressive speakers in the House of Commons; Mr. Timothy Healy is one of its most dexterous and witty debaters; Mr. Dillon is a dreary bore, who is not even a good tactician. It is therefore an absurdly one-sided contest, which cannot last. There is, to be sure, Mr. T. P. O'Connor, who sticks to Mr. Dillon, but whom we had almost ceased to count as an Irish member, so many roots has he struck in English soil. Mr. T. P. O'Connor is quite clever enough to see that the Convention has been a fiasco. The proposal to appoint an arbitration board to negotiate with Messrs. Redmond and Healy he bluntly denounced as foredoomed to failure. Ah, if only Mr. Sexton would come back! But Mr. Sexton is a fastidious and a sensitive man, who likes to prepare his periods, and work out his figures, and to whom the jangle of personalities grew at length intolerable. We doubt very much whether Mr. Sexton will quit the power and dignity of his editorial chair to resume his seat on the green benches at Westminster. Who but a fool would make the exchange just now?

The real interest of all this is the influence it may exercise upon the policy of the two great English parties. Apart from the Irish question, we have never looked upon Mr. John Redmond as a Radical. His birth and bent of mind would rather incline him to moderate Toryism. Since his great abilities have been

recognized by the House of Commons, the justest and most generous assembly in the world, there has been a wonderful softening and mellowing of Mr. Healy. Frequent flashes of geniality relieve his invective nowadays, and on more than one conspicuous occasion he has lapsed into laudation. To put it shortly, Mr. Redmond and Mr. Healy find they get more out of a Tory than a Radical Government; and, like sensible men, they are disposed to help those who help them. We do not say that this state of things will last; but it is by no means inconceivable that it should. What effect will the benevolent neutrality, to put it no higher, of Messrs. Redmond and Healy towards the Unionist Government have upon the policy of the Radical party? That the Radicals can no longer count upon a solid eighty-five Irish votes, or anything like it, has been discovered more than once during the past Session. The Education Question, which can only widen the breach between the Irish and the Radicals, remains to be dealt with next year. If the Radicals are humanly impatient, they will throw over Home Rule, and punish the Irish for their defection. In that case the Tories will remain in power for the next twelve years. If the Radicals are led by a real politician—that is to say, by a man who loves as if he might presently hate, and hates as if he might presently love, they will swallow their resentment against the Irish, and stick to Home Rule. They will recognize the fact that the Irish members must be, by the nature of things, the most brutal Opportunists, who cannot afford the luxury of gratitude. If the Radicals raise the standard of Home Rule at the next election—that is, if they raise it honestly and squarely—they simply must get back the solid Irish vote. There is only one move in the game which might upset these calculations—the Tories might grant Home Rule, wrapped up more or less, before the General Election. Then, indeed, the Radicals would be dishd, but not more hopelessly than they would be by breaking with the Irish.

But what is, or may be, the effect of this alliance between the Government and two sections of the Irish Nationalist party upon the bulk of the Unionist party? The unity of the Unionist party has been strained to cracking point by the Land Bill and the release of the Irish prisoners. We have written so much about the Land Act that we will not reopen the subject. But we should like to say a word or two about the release of the prisoners. Since the celebrated Maamtrasna transaction, no act of their leaders has caused such furious discontent amongst the rank and file of the party, and that not only amongst Tories, but Liberal-Unionists. We have no sympathy with these complaints against the Home Secretary, which are creditable neither to the intelligence nor to the humanity of the Unionist party. What are the facts?

Upon authority that is not questioned, we learn that John Daly has emerged from prison broken in health, and altogether a pitiable object. Whitehead is a maniac wandering over the hills of West Kerry. Devaney has been reduced to such a state of weakness that, like Daly, he weeps perpetually. Dr. Gallagher reappeared as a maniac, who was at first too ill to be handed over to his friends. Will any one dare to say that the object of our penal law is to restore the offender to society in the shape of a gibbering lunatic? Welcome as flowers in May after the bitter winds of March is Mr. Tallack's letter on "long imprisonments" in Wednesday's "Times," after the acrid protests of peers and members of Parliament against the release of these broken men. Mr. Tallack, who worthily represents the Howard Association, and who has studied prison discipline for many years in many countries, writes that "it might well be considered by the Government whether penal discipline, as such, should be continued so long as at present." Mr. Tallack strongly advocates a definite division of long imprisonment into two portions, one of a penal stage, designed mainly for deterrent effect, and the other and chief part to be regarded as a restraint in the interests of the community and also for the reformation of the offender. "With all deference to the humanity of our chief prison authorities," continues Mr. Tallack, "and there can be no reasonable question of this humanity, the distinctively penal features of English convict prisons at present appear to

be too severe for the longer periods, and in that respect do not compare favourably with the systems of several other countries." Yet a year ago Mr. Asquith assured the House of Commons that the convicts were doing very well; and it is the relaxation of the penal system which Mr. Tallack finds too severe as compared with those of other countries that excites the angry remonstrances and the suppressed rage of a large number of Unionists! "Whilst a certain enforcement of deterrence is essential for the maintenance of public security, yet a really beneficent regard is due even to the worst offenders, being demanded alike by our common humanity and by the precepts and example of the Divine Founder of the Christian religion." It is melancholy to think that the secretary of the Howard Association should have to preach this homily to the members of the Legislature. But it is very necessary. Goethe declared that the English would be the greatest people in the world if they were not such pedants. Sour pedantry, we are afraid, leavens a considerable portion of the Unionist party, and this will make co-operation with the Irish difficult. Discontent might break out into mutiny next Session over the Education Bill, and then politics would once more become interesting.

THE POST OFFICE AND THE NEWSAGENTS.

AS the General Post Office makes a net annual profit of some £3,000,000 out of the public, we are entitled to expect something like first-rate efficiency. One of the high officials at St. Martin's-le-Grand informed a complainant that the Post Office was "not a commercial institution." Indeed! And why not? It makes a profit, and the only reason it is not a commercial institution is, that it is apparently conducted on lines which would soon land a private business in the Bankruptcy Court. Our complaint is, that the General Post Office is not a commercial institution. A State monopoly is only defensible upon the ground that public officials do the work better than the servants of a private undertaking. Is this the fact? Certainly it is not, at all events with regard to the delivery of newspapers. The Postmaster-General admits in his Annual Report that the Post Office is losing the business of delivering newspapers. Why, the Duke of Norfolk cannot imagine, unless it is that the newsagents do the work more quickly and more cheaply. Whatever the reason, his Grace rejoices at the superior efficiency of the newsagents, because "the State loses much money by the business." A correspondent to the "Times," who signs himself "X.Y.Z.," gives us some idea of what the loss of business at which the Duke rejoices means in figures. Of a thousand million newspapers delivered in the year, the Post Office carries about a hundred and forty-nine millions. Out of £2,000,000 paid annually for the carriage of papers, the national carrier earns about £300,000. Does the Duke of Norfolk imagine that the newsagents are philanthropists, and deliver newspapers to their customers at a loss from a mere desire to "drive on the system of life," as Dr. Johnson used to say? The newsagents deliver newspapers for a third of a penny, and the Post Office charges a half-penny. Yet the newsagents make a profit, and the Post Office makes a loss. If this is not "absolute incompetence," as "X.Y.Z." maintains, it is something very like it.

But it is not only in the rate charged that the General Post Office is beaten out of the field by private enterprise. The revelations which are made in the letters of Mr. Palmer, the Rector of Newington, and of "X.Y.Z.," as to the time the Post Office takes to deliver a newspaper, outside of the radius of London and the large towns, are simply astounding. "X.Y.Z." tells us that a newsagent delivers "The Times" at Bad Nauheim in 30 hours, while the Post Office takes 28 hours to deliver the paper in Rotherwick, a village within 50 miles of London. Mr. Palmer is taking his holiday in Lincolnshire, at a place which is reached in 4½ hours from King's Cross, yet he cannot get his "Times" till 3 P.M., the time of the second postal delivery. But "X.Y.Z." has a wonderful nose for details, and once on the spot of the Postmaster-General he does not leave his work. He shows that the case of the Rector of Horbling, Folkingham, is worse

than that of Mr. Palmer. This reverend gentleman, like the Rector of Newington, is informed by the Post Office that he may expect his newspaper about 3 P.M., the time of the second postal delivery. Horbling is 105 miles from London, and five trains leave King's Cross daily for "Billingboro and Horbling," all arriving there within from 3 to 4½ hours. The "Times" is delivered to the Post Office at 4.15 A.M. An hour later a newspaper train leaves King's Cross which reaches Horbling at 9.32 A.M. Yet the Post Office can only manage to deliver newspapers at 3 o'clock in the afternoon, 5½ hours after the train has arrived. We are not surprised that the business of distributing letters is passing out of the hands of the Post Office into those of private firms, but we are astonished that the head of the department should publicly exult over the fact. The only reason that the carriage of letters pays is that the State, having an absolute monopoly, can charge what it likes. But if the newsagents were allowed to deliver letters, is it not certain that they would do it more quickly and cheaply than the Post Office? And would the Postmaster-General also rejoice at being "relieved" of a work which costs the State "much money"? Or take another instance in which private enterprise has beaten the State. Both the Post Office and the District Messengers' Company carry messages by hand. For one person who employs the Post Office boys there are probably ten who use the District Messengers' boys, for the simple reason that they are more easily called up. The District Messengers' Company come to the customer, and fit up a call-box in his private house for ten shillings a year. The Post Office requires the customer to come to it. The truth is that the Postmaster-General has got himself into a false and illogical position. He admits that he is beaten by private competition, and he innocently rejoices, not seeing that the admission destroys the reason for his (official) existence. He must not allow his department to be beaten by private firms. He has the national purse at his disposal and an enormous organization of trained officials to hand. He must see to it that he "holds the field" as a carrier, both in point of cheapness and despatch. We cannot go so far as "X.Y.Z." in describing the General Post Office as "a national disgrace." This is stupid exaggeration. But if the Duke of Norfolk wishes to secure a niche for himself in the gallery of Postmasters-General, he must turn his clear mind and his well-known energy to this question of the delivery of newspapers.

THE AMERICAN CRISIS.

AS the situation in the United States develops itself, the view taken by me from the first, although it was called gloomy, appears, I think, to have been true. A crisis has arrived of which the Silver craze is the least, and even repudiation is not the greatest, part. Under the banner of the "Nebraska Kid"—as, it seems, Mr. Bryan is fondly called—all the elements of distress, class-hatred, social revolution, craziness, and anarchy have combined against the American Republic as a commonwealth founded on the right of property and on the principles of self-help, free contract, and personal liberty under law. By the accession of Tammany the league is completed and its character receives the final stamp. The Democratic and Populist platforms together assail not only the integrity of the currency and the commercial credit of the nation, but the conservative safeguards of the Constitution, the authority of the Supreme Court, and the right of property, professedly in railroads, telegraphs, and telephones, really in anything that the majority may choose to seize; while they propose to make the State the capitalist and the general mortgagee. They also point towards a confiscatory system of taxation. In November the Republic of the Fathers—not less that of Jefferson than that of Washington or Hamilton—will be fighting for its life. At New York, of course, Bryan is cautious enough to talk only about currency. But his followers know for what he stands.

There is no use in random guessing at the result. The opinion of informants whom I trust, and my own impression, is that at this moment Bryan has a

majority. Most of my American friends speak confidently of beating him in November. By that time, they say, there will have been ample opportunity for reflection, and they profess their undoubting reliance on the good sense and conscience, to use their own phrase, of "All the People." I gladly accept their judgment, and myself believe it to be right; though I confess I do not see how they can at present be well assured of carrying a single Western or Southern State. Much depends on the extent to which Socialistic ideas may have made their way among the mechanics and the proletariat; and this the polling day alone probably will declare. Instead of Socialistic ideas I should rather have said Socialistic sentiment. The appeals of such writers as Henry George, Bellamy, and Stead have told, as I said before, where their theories or philosophies have had little effect. A great outburst of hostility to the rich would not be surprising; nor, to say the truth, would it be undeserved by some of the rich.

It may have been observed that the Populists demurred to Sewell, the Democratic nominee for the Vice-Presidency, on the simple ground that he was a rich man. The sources of this revolutionary movement are deep, and unless the victory of the commonwealth over the "Kid" in November is very decisive, it is not likely to be final.

A radical change, at all events, can hardly fail to take place in the division and character of American parties. That the organization of the Democratic party, now captured by the revolutionists, will ever be recaptured by the Democrats of the old school is most improbable. Strange is the fate of this party: founded by Jefferson on the extreme principles of liberty, turned into the party of Slavery by the perversion of the doctrine of State right, and now falling into the hands of Socialistic agitators, from whose tendencies Jefferson would have shrunk with abhorrence. The party, of which the full title is National Republican, will probably in time gather into it all that has hitherto been deemed characteristically American and that is opposed to Socialistic revolution. It is hardly open to the Democratic seceders from the Chicago Convention, the control of the organization having been wrested from them, even to use the name; for the two great parties are recognized by law, as in the Civil Service Reform Act, which provides for the selection of Commissioners equally from both the parties, and a minority Convention under the party name would apparently be an infringement of patent.

To bring about a junction of the Gold or Conservative Democrats with the Republicans is, however, difficult, and in this difficulty lies the practical danger of the situation. The more intelligent Democrats may see that on the really vital issue they are at one with Republicans, and for the sake of victory on that issue they may be willing to waive the Tariff question as well as the general difference of party; but to get the rank and file of the Democracy to vote for a Republican candidate for the Presidency is a very arduous undertaking. We Liberal-Unionists had a similar experience when we were striving to get the Liberal rank and file to vote for Conservatives on the special question of the Union. The Republican leaders, able and sagacious men, see clearly enough that the Currency, with what lies behind it, not the Tariff, is the vital issue in this case. They will advance the currency issue to the front. They will not press the McKinley Tariff, but will put forward in its place a proposal for a revision of duties with a view to the restoration of the revenue. Of this, I think, you may feel assured. But the operation will be difficult, seeing that their candidate's name is thoroughly identified with the high tariff. Had General Harrison or Mr. Allison been the candidate, the difficulty would have been less. Perhaps the leaders might have preferred one of those men to Mr. McKinley; but all opposition to Mr. McKinley was swept away by the enthusiasm of the masses, who fancy that the times of Protection were the good times, and that with him they would return.

If the effort to bring about union among the opponents of Bryan fails through their dissension about the Tariff, a new weight will be added to the responsibilities of Protectionism, which already are heavy enough; but

the blame of bringing on the crisis must be shared with Protectionism by the roguery and mismanagement which have discredited the commercial system, notably the railway part of it, and by the neglect of social duty on the part of too many of the rich. Of the causes of this danger, while some spring from below, there are some also which spring from above.

The juncture in American history which the success of Bryan and his following would most resemble is that of 1829, when Andrew Jackson and his host mounted to power, with the spoils system, the destruction of the United States Bank, and the reign of wild-cat banking in their train. But the political, social, and commercial organism of that day was far less vast, complex, and sensitive, far more easily repaired after a catastrophe, than that which would be lacerated by the victory of the Nebraskan "Kid," with his associates, the representatives of Chicago Anarchism and the "Mean White" barbarism of the South.

GOLDWIN SMITH.

GOYA.

I.

FRANCISCO JOSÉ DE GOYA Y LUCIENTES

was born at Fuendetodos in the year of grace 1746. At the age of twelve he was already apprenticed to a painter at Saragossa; there, even at this early period of his career, through his turbulent disposition, he brought himself under the notice of the Inquisition, and, escaping to Madrid, he soon gathered round him those amateurs of the cabaret and the lupanar who in all ages dearly love to singe their wings in the company of a greater than themselves. Goya's excesses at this time were notorious: as a result of some brawl, when he was left lying in the street with a knife sticking into his back, he had to leave the capital, and working his way from town to town as a bull-fighter—Francisco los Toros, he was often afterwards called—he arrived, penniless and exhausted, in Rome. There, having already achieved notoriety as a man, his reputation as an artist was established almost as rapidly, and with characteristic boldness he begs a sitting of the Pope, and paints in a very few hours a full-length portrait of Benedict XIV. He would seem, however, to have devoted but little time to work. In attempting to carry off a young girl from a convent, he fell into the hands of the monks, and only succeeded in evading the law through the intervention of the Spanish Embassy, whose pride in their youthful scapegrace painter appears to have been already considerable.

Returning to Madrid, he at once became the idol of the Prado and the popular hero of the Lava Pies, and in spite of his marriage with Bayen's daughter, Josefa, his exploits were more daring and his amours more numerous than ever. Among the paintings from his hand at this time, the madhouse (now in the Museo del Prado) and the scene from the Inquisition (at the Academy of San Fernando) are the lightest in handling and the most harmonious in tone, both amazingly accomplished in style for works of so early a period.

Shortly afterwards he was elected a member of the Academy (1780), and receives a commission from the Chapter of the Cathedral at Saragossa, to decorate their church. To the rage and indignation of Goya, his designs were not approved of, and but for the tactful intervention of his friend Felix Salvador would never have been executed.

Being received with great favour by the King, he began to make that influence felt which was shortly to change the whole character of the Court of Spain. The stern etiquette and ascetic influence of Don Carlos III. still weighed upon it, and it is not remarkable that Goya's verve and daring wit should be welcomed with relief by the easily bored gentlemen and strictly observed ladies of the chamber. And so after three and twenty years of enforced chastity, the Court of Carlos IV. became the centre of gallantry and wild folly. Over the fêtes at Caravanchel Goya reigned supreme, fought over by the women as fiercely as when he led the people's dances on the banks of the Manzanares.

La Leocadra, Ramera Mirena, and she who left all, husband and children, to shut herself up for two

months in his studio, the tragic and beautiful Duchess of Alba, who followed him to San Lucar, and whom he never tired of painting, and loved perhaps better than all, these and many others fell completely under his curious charm. In 1789 the King makes him one of his painters, and Maria Luisa "can do nothing without him." One likes to think of Goya, with his mingled love and contempt of women, being fetched by splendid lacqueys from the houses where he would be found sitting among his chulas, to wait upon the Queen.

His life was as insolent as his painting. Once he goes in white stockings to a levée while the Court was in mourning, and, being stopped at the door by the officials, retires to a closet, and promptly blackens them over with caricatures of D'Escoiquiz and the major domos, "to the delight of all," save, probably, his victims. At this time he was kept almost entirely by the Countess of Benavente, who, loading him with commissions, fought to the utmost of her power against the younger and more beautiful Duchess of Alba. The Queen, enraged at the latter's dominion over her painter, exiled her from the Court, and one of the results of this action was a misfortune which embittered the whole of Goya's subsequent life; for leaving Madrid to go with his Duchess, an accident happening to their carriage, he forged an iron bar on the spot to remedy the defect, and through the heat and exertion caught a chill which ended in his almost complete deafness. His devotion to his mistress was such that he was unable to leave her, refusing to return without her pardon, which was eventually granted; but the unfortunate lady died soon after, before her beauty had begun to fade. Goya painted many remarkable portraits of her, and we find her again and again among his Caprices.

In 1795 he is elected Director of the Academy, and is at the zenith of his popularity, and though Maella is still the first painter to the King, it would seem to have been but a nominal honour, for Goya is called upon for nearly every portrait, and his studio was crowded with persons of quality. Living at this time like a prince, he would receive the whole Court at his residence, Las Romerías, giving the most sumptuous and bizarre fêtes to the town. Still the pet of the people, it was ever his great delight to engage in feats of skill and strength with the Toreros, handling the small sword with the best of them. In 1798 he is entrusted with the decoration of the Church of San Antonio de la Florida. I can remember nothing which gave me so considerable an idea of the insolent cynicism of the man as these paintings. Imagine a coquettish little church, like a boudoir rather than a shrine, tricked out with altar and seats and confessionals, and all around Goya's gorgeously frivolous frescoes. One expects an odour of frangipani from the altar rather than incense, and I found myself looking under the seats for some neglected fan or garter-ribbon, instead of for Missals and Litanies.

And Goya's brilliant frescoes and daring ceiling (who can think of Heaven with the Maja of San Fernando there, and his beautiful duchess and so many others, whom he loved, or was loved by?)—I say it in some fear of angry protest—are entirely in harmony with the character of this indecorously holy place.

Painted as they were in all the ripeness of his knowledge, Goya surpassed himself in splendour and graciousness of style. There is an atmosphere of warm ivory flesh in a frou-frou of waving draperies, a curving of pink and white arms and legs, a flying about of blonde, healthy Cupids in all the insolent exhibition of foreshortening, which is most perfectly personal. No Venetian with his noble dignity, no Frenchman with his charming elegance or harsh classicism, could have given us this peculiarly savage grace which the Spaniard has thrown into his work.

These decorations in the church of La Florida gained for Goya the distinguished office of first painter to the King of Spain, at a time when he was in great measure giving up the brush for the etching needle. Goya, who had already etched a set of plates after the paintings of Velasquez, much influenced by Tirpolo, and of but inconsiderable interest, was just about this time completing his "Caprichios." These, perhaps the most celebrated of all his etchings, were first issued separately, creating by their daring personal and political allusions a very furore of excitement amongst those

through whose hands they passed. It seems to us now, after the lapse of a hundred years, to be of but little importance whether Maria Luisa or the Benavente, Urquijo or the Prince de la Paix, be held up to ridicule; for their merit, so far at least as we are concerned, would rather lie in Goya's extraordinary skill in the handling of his needle, his luxuriant fancy and observation, and the amazing originality of composition.* So great a stir did these etchings make, that this time the Inquisition insisted upon Goya's arrest, but the King, by a cunning subterfuge, probably suggested by Godoy, immediately ordered Goya to send him the plates "*he had commanded from him!*"

Whether Don Carlos was entirely ignorant of the biting satire of many of the Caprices both against himself and his Queen, or whether his broad-mindedness was such that he wilfully blinded himself to the insolence of the etcher, it is difficult to determine.

It was during the invasion of Spain by the French, reading with horror and indignation the bulletins of war from day to day, that Goya slowly produced that magnificent set of etchings, whose power and consummate science has rarely been equalled, "*los Desastros de la Guerra.*" His use of aquatint has become more free since the Caprichios, his lines more certain, surprisingly delicate here, there cut in with marvellous breadth. The best of these plates, some of which he has lovingly signed (under some he wrote in his own hand, "*I have seen that!*"), were done about 1810, but they were never published together until 1863, when the Academy of San Fernando undertook the task.† Later he etched the "*Tauromachie*," a series of plates more remarkable for their dash and vigour and wonderful knowledge of the bull-ring than for their intrinsic merit as etchings; yet their fascination has never left me, and one plate in particular, where the bull stands stupidly dominating the audience, with a man impaled on his horn, utterly ignoring the terrified, scrambling crowd, haunts me ever with its grim humour and sinister vehemence.

The first edition, which, although printed under the eyes of Goya himself, was not published until after his son's death, is extremely rare.‡ A second edition, more easily obtainable, appeared in 1855, a sufficiently poor one, to my mind, the aquatint being especially feeble. The plates were afterwards bought by Loizelet, who issued a third edition in Paris, with seven additional plates. "*Los Proverbios*," which contain perhaps the finest etching Goya ever did, were done after the "*Desastros*" and before the "*Tauromachie*." The original prints are so scarce, and the subsequent editions so ill-handled, that it is difficult to judge all of them with any degree of fairness, for the aquatinting has evidently been tampered with to a considerable extent. They were first produced in 1850, by a print-seller in Madrid, who brought them out from

* Goya first only published seventy-two Caprices in 1799, but in the edition of 1806, which appeared after he had sold all the plates to the King, on the promise of a life pension of 12,000 reales for his son, the other ten were included. Two were also done for the Duchess of Alba, but being of a private nature, were never reprinted. A third edition was published by the Academy in 1856.

† Goya etched in reality eighty-two plates of the "*Horrors of War*," although only eighty were issued; but in the collection which he gave to his friend, Leon Bermudez, we find two extra ones, together with the "*Three Prisoners*" (the third of which is the rarest of all his etchings; indeed, only two or three copies of it exist). One can only meet with rare prints published in Goya's lifetime, easily to be known by the quality of the paper, nearly always bearing the water-mark "*Serra*." The mark on the paper of the edition of 1863 is "*J. G. O.*" Five hundred copies only were printed. There is an excellent one in the library at South Kensington.

‡ In the first edition, the title, "*Treinta y tres estampas que representan diferentes suertes y actitudes del arte de lidiar los toros, inventadas y grabadas al agua fuerte en Madrid por Don Francisco de Goya y Lucientes*," was printed on a loose sheet. An extremely good set is to be found in the print-room of the British Museum. There were three states—the first without any aquatint; the second with the aquatint, but without the number (printed at the right-hand side at the top of the plate). The marks of the first pulls are *serra*, *morato*, and *nolo*—the proofs before the number bearing either of the first two, and those after the number the last. The date of the etching is about 1815.

time to time, and a second time by the Academy,* and again by the Academy in 1891. The Elephant and the Rope-walker, and the set of bulls, perhaps the best known of all Goya's etchings, on account of their publication in "L'Art," probably belong to the "Proverbios." There exist also several odd etchings, most of them very late, and known as the *obras sueltas*, containing the Majas, the man on the swing, and the bull-fighter with the gun.

WILL ROTHENSTEIN.

PHYSICAL SCIENCE AT THE UNIVERSITIES.

THERE have been numerous signs of late that the dissatisfaction of not only professed men of science, but also of those whose sympathies are not wholly restricted to mediævalism, with the position occupied by physical science in our higher educational systems, and more especially at the older Universities, is rapidly coming to a head. Let public opinion once be thoroughly aroused to the fact that this position—or rather the lack of it—is reacting disastrously upon our national prosperity, and there is bound to be a rude awakening and a summary calling to account. To paraphrase Bacon's saying, what comes home to a man's business comes home to his bosom. If it is once made clear to the nation, as it assuredly will be, sooner or later, by the hard logic of experience, that not only its industrial supremacy, but its power and position, nay, the very independence of its existence, are intimately bound up with its capacity to seize upon and utilize the teaching and facts of science, then those who control and direct these higher educational systems, and who to this extent therefore direct and control the fate of this country, will stand condemned as being either blind guides and ignorant, or as having been false to their trust. We are ready enough to point the finger of scorn at China, and to say that the disasters which have overtaken her are the results of the fatuous folly and self-complacency which have hitherto blinded her to the teachings of a civilization more modern than her own. But have we no mote in our own eye? In this matter of the position which physical science occupies in our higher teaching we have a beam of the biggest magnitude.

Now whatever may be the explanation, there can be no doubt of the fact that, somehow or other, the older Universities in this country do not respond or adapt themselves to the capacity of Englishmen to turn knowledge to practical account. They have pleaded that it is not their proper business so to do. Like the distinguished professor who affected to delight in quaternions because he imagined they could by no possibility be of the slightest use to anybody, they have acted in the past as though they despised natural science for the reason that it had some utilitarian value. How many of the prime discoveries in chemistry, for example, which this century has seen can be set down to the credit of our English Universities? We have had great chemists and they have done splendid work. But Dalton, Davy, Faraday, Graham, Hofmann, Williamson, Frankland, Crookes, Perkin are not the products of our University system. And yet to these men, and to those whom they have directly influenced, is due whatever eminence British chemistry has attained. The influence of Oxford and Cambridge has been a negligible quantity, and the pity of it is, that these ancient seats of ancient learning apparently contemplate with a Celestial complacency that sorrowful fact. At all events, they bear such inward qualms as they may have with Oriental impassiveness: for it is impossible to discover what healing unction they can lay to their souls.

The opportunity "to see ourselves as others see us" in this respect has been lately afforded us by a remarkable letter from Professor Ostwald, which Professor Ramsay, to whom it was addressed, did well to communicate to the "Times." It is to be hoped, now such a "power" has actually given us such a "giftie," that

"It wad frae monie a blunder free us,
And foolish notion."

Few men are more competent than Professor Ostwald to speak with authority on the relative merits of

* The first edition was printed on vellum, consequently bearing no water-mark. The second has S.G.O., and a "palmette," printed on thick white paper—250 copies.

English and German University systems as regards the teaching of physical science, and more particularly of chemistry. Dr. Ostwald is not only one of the most clear-sighted and successful of German teachers, an earnest and enthusiastic worker, and a leader in the branch of chemistry with which his name is specially associated, but he is a frequent visitor to this country and is intimately acquainted with many of our own chemists and with the working of our educational institutions. Indeed not a few of our countrymen, some of them graduates of our Universities, have migrated to Leipsic to the splendidly organized laboratories which Professor Ostwald directs, to enjoy there the opportunities for instruction and investigation which are not available to them at home.

The object of Dr. Ostwald's letter is to show the very great difference between the English and the German methods of dealing with chemical education in their respective Universities, and to indicate the manner in which the German system has affected and is affecting the industrial prosperity of his country. To appreciate this difference and to understand its effect, it must be premised that the German Universities are much more the Universities of the people—of the masses and not of the classes—than are Oxford and Cambridge; and that a larger proportion of youths intended for an industrial and commercial career pass through their lecture courses and laboratories than is the case with us. Although this fact has probably had very little, if any, influence on the character of the instruction given in the German University, which, as regards chemical science, concerns itself mainly with theory and does not dabble with technology, even to the limited extent we find in certain English Colleges of the type of those constituting the Victoria University, it has had a profound effect on the course and character of German manufacturing. The German chemical manufacturer is almost invariably the product of a University laboratory. He has been nurtured in an atmosphere of pure science and imbued with the spirit of research. His training has not only enlarged his own knowledge, but it has widened his sympathies and increased his receptivity, and it has become to him an axiom that progress in pure science means progress in its industrial application.

The output of chemical research from the German University laboratories is enormous when compared with the dribblets which occasionally escape from our own Universities. If any one wishes to assure himself of this fact, let him compare the number and bulk of German chemical periodicals with the modest monthly *brochure*—the only serial devoted to pure chemistry in this country—in which our own Chemical Society gratefully enbalsms the communications—angelic in their fewness and infrequency—that it receives from the banks of the Isis and the Cam. But large as the amount of research work in Germany is, it hardly keeps pace with the demands of German chemical industry, and it has come to pass that some of the greatest industrial concerns in Germany now possess research laboratories differing only from those in the Universities by being, to quote Professor Ostwald, "more splendidly and sumptuously fitted." This organization of the power of invention in manufactures, and on a large scale, is, as he says, "unique in the world's history, and it is the very marrow of our splendid development. Each large work has the greater part of its scientific staff—and there are often more than 100 *doctores phil.* in a single manufactory—occupied, not in the management of the manufacture, but in making inventions."

It would not be difficult to show that this extraordinary spectacle—this organization of the power of discovery, so unique in the world's history and so wondrously fruitful in its results—is the direct outcome of Germany's University system, and, as regards chemistry, of Liebig's genius in organizing chemical instruction. It has been said—and the "Times," in effect, repeats the statement in a leader commenting on Dr. Ostwald's letter—that, after all, Universities are what the people for whose interests they are created make of them, and that our manufacturers have only to demand the highest instruction in science for their sons and they will get it.

This might have been said with some show of truth

of Germany, where the Universities are, as already stated, more democratic than ours; but it is assuredly not true with us. Indeed, even in the case of Germany, it is certain that the system organized by Liebig was devised solely in the interests of science, and not in response to an active and pressing demand from a public eager to study science for the sake of its material benefits. At the time that Liebig founded the little Giessen laboratory chemical manufacturing had but a struggling and precarious existence in Germany. Everything then seemed to indicate that England, with her plentiful supplies of coal and iron and salt, her abundance of capital, her rapidly developing railway system, and her many convenient ports, was destined to make all the chemical products, and most of the things for which these products were directly required, that the world might need. But what has been the result? Within less than half a century Germany is not only alongside of us in the manufacture of our own staple products, but in certain directions, and more especially in the manufacture of the products which have been discovered during the last two or three decades, she is immeasurably ahead of us, and it seems hopeless to expect that we can ever overtake her. The seed which Liebig and his pupils so sedulously sowed fell on good ground, and has sprung up and multiplied an hundredfold. It has created new sources of comfort and new avenues to wealth. But these avenues are only open to the trained intelligence. Whatever demands the highest chemical knowledge and the power of applying the newest and most recondite chemical facts remains in Germany. Few of the newer chemical industries are started with us, and even of these few some of the most successful have been controlled by Germans, who, by the increasing pressure of competition, have been elbowed out of their own country, or who, seeing the wealth and the weakness of ours, seek to possess the one by taking advantage of the other.

It is not by cheap evening classes, by science examinations of the South Kensington type, by the spread of technical education of the character of that furnished by County Councils, that Germany has won her scientific supremacy, and with it her supremacy in those industries which are directly dependent on chemical science. Her industries owe their position to the knowledge, training, and skill of those who direct her artisans, and this knowledge, training, and skill are the immediate results of that scientific supremacy which, in chemistry at least, her Universities have enabled her to acquire.

T. E. THORPE.

ABBOTSBURY.

ABBOTSBURY is a village not on but near the sea, divided from it by half a mile of meadowland with water, a vast garden of grasses and wild flowers, of yellow flags, and acres of tall reeds and osiers, the roosting-place in autumn and winter of a great cloud of starlings. And beyond the meadow, fronting the sea, is the Chesil Bank, one of the seven wonders of Britain. Life seems quieter, more placid, out of sight of the ocean's turbulence, out of hearing of its "accents disconsolate." A rare village, yet like many another on the South Coast, nestling beside running water, among the mighty downs, in its deep dene; looked upon from above, its cottages are seen ranged in a double line along the narrow crooked street, like a procession of cows, with a few laggards scattered behind the main body. One is impressed by its ancient character. The cottages are old, stone-built and thatched; older still is the church with its square grey tower; and all around are scattered the memorials of antiquity—the chantry on the hill, standing conspicuous, alone, apart, above the world; the rough thick stone walls, ivy-draped and crowned with flower and weed; fragments of ruins and farm buildings that were once portions of the abbey.

Turning from the church and chantry and ruins and looking up at the huge round green hill that slopes down to the village, one notices that the road that scars it is strangely red in colour. One sometimes sees on a hillside a ploughed field of red earth, which at a distance may be easily mistaken for a field of blossoming trifolium. Viewed closely, the crimson of the clover and

the red of the earth are very dissimilar; distance intensifies the red of the ploughed land, and softens the flower tint until they are nearly of the same hue.

The road at Abbotsbury was near and looked more intensely red than ordinary red earth; but before discovering the cause of the peculiarity I asked why the sight gave me so much pleasure. Doubtless, in this case, because of the intensity of the hue, also because red in itself is the most luminous, therefore the predominant, colour in nature—that which first arrests the attention and holds it longest; and, finally, because red always shows best against green. Red and green are complementary colours, and it is worthy of remark that two colours placed side by side are not necessarily more pleasing because complementary. Take, for example, blue and yellow in nature. There are several species of birds—the blue macaw is a familiar example—which have a blue and yellow plumage, but they strike us as singular rather than beautiful. On the other hand, birds that have a green and red plumage are exceedingly beautiful. Again, rosy-red or pink clouds are more pleasing than yellow clouds in a blue sky. Red with green is specially pleasing on account of the superior luminosity of one, and because the other is the universal colour of nature to which the vision is accustomed. On account of this universality of green, it is practically not a colour at all, in the sense that red, yellow, blue, and violet are colours, but rather a neutral or sober ground on which colours are best seen.

Few or no flowers in our meadows can compare in beauty with the simple small red campion and the ragged robin, especially when they are tall, growing in tall grass, and, seen between the eyes and the level sun, look like scattered red flames among the luminous green blades. After red, the purple is the floral hue that best pleases my sight, which, by the way, is not the same as that of the authorities; next comes yellow, and last of all blue. Now for various pretty reasons this last colour is supposed to be more charming than the others. The blue of such flowers as the periwinkle, borage, flax, cornflower, succory, speedwell, and forget-me-not please us moderately on account of the beauty and purity of the colour; and partly because this hue is comparatively rare in the vegetable kingdom: the blue flower never wholly loses its novelty, its kinship with the sky, and sometimes, as in the case of the forget-me-not, it produces the idea of blue sparks that have fallen to earth from the celestial fields.

To go back to red and green. The humble subterranean mole proves himself on occasions a good colourist when he finds a soil of the proper hue to burrow in, and the hillocks he throws up form numberless irregular splashes of bright red colour on a green sward. The wild animals that strike us as most beautiful, when seen against a green background, are those which bear the reddest fur—fox, squirrel, and red-deer. One day, in a meadow a few miles from Abbotsbury, I came upon a herd of about fifty milch-cows scattered over a considerable space of ground, some lying down, others standing ruminating, and still others moving about and cropping the long flowery grasses. All were of that fine rich red colour frequently seen in Dorset and Devon cattle, which is brighter than the reds of other red animals in this country, wild and domestic, with the sole exception of a rare variety of the collie dog. The Irish setter comes near it. So beautiful did these red cows look in the meadow that I stood still for half an hour feasting my eyes on the sight.

No less was the pleasure I experienced when I caught sight of that road winding over the hill above the village. On going to it I found that it had looked as red as rust simply because it *was* rust—earth made rich and beautiful in colour with iron, its red hue variegated with veins and streaks of deep purple or violet. I was told that there were hundreds of acres of this earth all round the place—earth so rich in iron that many a man's mouth had watered at the sight of it; also that every effort had been made to induce the owner of Abbotsbury to allow this rich mine to be worked. But, wonderful to relate, he had not been persuaded.

A hard fragment of the red stuff, measuring a couple

of inches across and weighing about three ounces avoirdupois, rust red in colour with purple streaks and yellow mottlings, is now lying before me. The mineralogist would tell me that its commercial value is naught, or something infinitesimal; which is doubtless true enough, as tens of thousands of tons of the same material lie close to the surface under the green turf and golden blossoming furze at the spot where I picked up my specimen. The lapidary would not look at it; nevertheless, it is the only article of jewellery I possess, and I value it accordingly. And I intend to keep this native ruby by me for as long as the lord of Abbotsbury continues in his present mind. The time may come when I shall be able to throw it away. That any millionaire should hesitate for a moment to blast and blacken any part of the earth's surface, howsoever green and refreshing to the heart it may be, when by so doing he might add to his income, seems like a fable, or a tale of fairyland. It is as if one had accidentally discovered the existence of a little fantastic realm, a survival from a remote past, almost at one's doors; a small independent province, untouched by progress, asking to be conquered and its antediluvian constitution taken from it.

From the summit of that commanding hill, over which the red path winds, a noble view presents itself of the Chesil Bank, or of about ten miles of it, running straight as any Roman road, to end beneath the rugged stupendous cliffs of Portland. The ocean itself, and not conquering Rome, raised this artificial-looking wall or rampart to stay its own proud waves. Formed of polished stones and pebbles, about two hundred yards in width, flat-topped, with steeply sloping sides, at this distance it has the appearance of a narrow yellow road or causeway between the open sea on one hand and the waters of the Fleet, a narrow lake ten miles long, on the other.

When the mackerel visit the coast, and come near enough to be taken in a draw-net, every villager who owns a share (usually a tenth) in a fishing-boat throws down his spade or whatever implement he happens to have in his hand at the moment, and hurries away to the beach to take his share in the fascinating task. At four o'clock one morning a youth, who had been down to the sea to watch, came running into the village uttering loud cries which were like excited yells—a sound to rouse the deepest sleeper. The mackerel had come! For the rest of the day there was a pretty kind of straggling procession of those who went and came between the beach and the village—men in blue cotton shirts, blue jerseys, blue jackets, and women in grey gowns and big white sun-bonnets. During the latter part of the day the proceedings were peculiarly interesting to me, a looker-on with no share in any one of the boats, owing to the catches being composed chiefly of jelly-fish. Some sympathy was felt for the toilers who strained their muscles again and again only to be mocked in the end; still, a draught of jelly-fish was more to my taste than one of mackerel. The great weight of a catch of this kind when the net was full was almost too much for the ten or twelve men engaged in drawing it up; then (to the sound of deep curses from those of the men who were not religious) the net would be opened and the great crystalline hemispheres, hyaline blue and delicate salmon pink in colour, would slide back into the water. Such rare and exquisite colours have these great glassy flowers of ocean that to see them was a feast; and every time a net was hauled up my prayer—which I was careful not to repeat aloud—was, Heaven send another big draught of jelly-fish!

The sun, sinking over the hills towards Swyre and Bridport, turned crimson before it touched the horizon. The sky became luminous; the yellow Chesil Bank, stretching long leagues away, and the hills behind it, changed their colours to violet. The rough sea near the beach glittered like gold; the deep green water, flecked with foam, was mingled with fire; the one boat that remained on it, tossing up and down near the beach, was like a boat of ebony in a glittering fiery sea. A dozen men were drawing up the last net; but when they gathered round to see what they had taken—mackerel or jelly-fish—I cared no longer to look with them. That sudden, wonderful glory which had fallen

on the earth and sea had smitten me as well and changed me; and I was like some needy homeless tramp who has found a shilling piece, and, even while he is gloating over it, all at once sees a great treasure before him—glittering gold in heaps, and all rarest sparkling gems, more than he can gather up.

The glory passed and with it the exaltation: the earth and sea turned grey; the last boat was drawn up on the slope and the men departed slowly: only one remained, a rough-looking youth, about fifteen years old. Some important matter which he was revolving in his mind had detained him alone on the darkening beach. He sat down, then stood up and gazed at the sea rolling wave after wave to roar and hiss on the shingle at his feet; then he moved restlessly about, crunching the pebbles beneath his thick boots; finally, making up his mind, he took off his coat, threw it down, and rolled up his shirt-sleeves, with the resolute air of a man about to engage in a fight with an adversary nearly as big as himself. Stepping back a little space, he made a rush at the sea, not to cast himself in it, but only, as it turned out, with the object of catching some water in the hollow of his hands from the top of an incoming wave. He only succeeded in getting his legs wet, and in hastily retreating he fell on his back. Nothing daunted, he got up and renewed the assault, and when he succeeded in catching water in his hands he dashed it on and vigorously rubbed it over his dirty face. After repeating the operation about a dozen times, receiving meanwhile several falls and wettings, he appeared satisfied, put on his coat and marched away homewards with a composed air. W. H. HUDSON.

THE POSSIBLE INDIVIDUALITY OF ATOMS.

THE recent excitement over Helium and Argon has distracted attention from some very remarkable and significant work recently published by Mr. Baly upon the twofold spectra exhibited by oxygen and nitrogen. The implications of his paper are of something more than technical interest, and, as the reader will speedily see, we have ample excuse for transposing them from the dialect of chemistry into the common language. The popular persuasion is that all the atoms of any particular element are exactly alike, that one atom of oxygen is identically similar to another. It is a thing we learn in our very first lessons in chemistry and retain for the rest of our lives. But these experiments throw very considerable doubt upon this widely accepted view. Let us consider the nature of them.

The elementary fact upon which spectrum analysis depends, that the light from an incandescent solid body decomposes into a continuous rainbow-hued band when passed through a prism, is known to every one. In the case of a solid or liquid body the molecules are not free to vibrate, and their interference with one another produces light of all qualities, from the darkest red to the deepest violet. But gaseous molecules are free to move in any direction. When, therefore, gas or vapour is rendered luminous—which can easily be done by passing an electric spark through it—unlike an incandescent solid or liquid, it does not give a continuous strip of colour in the spectroscopic, but a number of bright lines at intervals separated by dark gaps. And if, while these bright lines are being observed, a beam from an electric light or limelight is directed towards the spectroscopic, they are at once seen as dark lines upon the ribbon of variegated colour which distinguishes the light of an incandescent solid. The change is supposed to be due to the absorption by the molecules of the gas of light of certain definite wave-lengths. Just as each wire of a piano has a particular note to which it will respond, so each bright ray in the spectrum of a luminous gas absorbs the vibrations at a particular point in the gamut of colour. The wave-length, or the vibration frequency, of each tint of light blotted out from the continuous band of colour by the gas is the same as that emitted when the gas is made luminous, precisely as, in the case of the piano, the wire which sounds middle C when struck is that which vibrates when the same note is sung. To carry the analogy still further, many gases which have in their spectra a line at a certain wave-length have another line at the

octave above in the light scale. Hydrogen, for instance, has all its lines connected by a simple harmonic relation.

And now comes a curious thing that has long been known. Many gases—the new Argon is one, and oxygen and nitrogen are older instances—have variable spectra, according to the conditions under which they are made luminous. How are these changes caused? Do the molecules or atoms twist differently in some way under the different influences that make them luminous? Do they, to use a rough expression, vibrate lengthways-on and emit or interfere with one particular set of vibrations under this stimulation and “endways-on” under that? Or does the difference of the light mark some more profound difference of condition in the gas under the different circumstances? The former (up to the last month) was decidedly the favourite theory. For no one thought—except, perhaps, those who had considered Professor J. J. Thomson’s experiments upon the electrical decomposition of steam—that the gas under treatment underwent any perceptible change. But Mr. Baly’s observations go to show that the latter possibility is after all the more probable one. For the gas that collects about the point whence the sparks leap across the containing vessel, he has found, after a little while is slightly denser or lighter (it depends upon the length of the spark) than that at the other.

This is really a very remarkable result indeed. Unless some experimental error has been overlooked, one of two things must follow. Either *oxygen is not an element* (nor nitrogen, nor argon), and the electric spark decomposes it, or there are two kinds of oxygen, one with an atom a little heavier than the other. And this opens one’s eyes to an amazing possibility. The suggestion was made some years ago that, after all, atoms might not be all exactly alike, that they might have individuality, just as animals have. The average man weighs (let us say) twelve stone, but some men are down to seven and others up to eighteen. Taken haphazard, however, you can safely say that a million men will weigh (with the minutest margin of error) twelve million stone. Take, however, some force to sort out your men—say, for instance, the stress of economic forces—and take one sample of a million coal-heavers and another of a million clerks, and one will be above the average and another below. Now it may be the electric spark traversing the gas has an analogous selective action. Your heavier atoms or molecules get driven this or that way with slightly more force. Clearly the oxygen in one direction will become a little denser than that in another. It is at least an odd suggestion (for which Mr. Baly must not be held guilty). We offer it merely as a dream. This is indeed a time for dreaming. There cannot be the slightest doubt that we are at last in the dawn of a period of profound reconstructions in the theory of chemistry. And where the threescore and ten “Elements” will be at the end of it even our speculative enterprise hesitates to guess.

THE PRESIDENCY OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

THE question of a successor to Sir John Millais in the chair of the Academy is already exercising the mind of more than one of the public prints. The “Daily Chronicle” of last Tuesday observes that “it can scarcely be matter for great congratulation, even on the part of the Academicians, that among such of them as are painters they can find but two men who artistically, or even as social figureheads, are universally admitted to be worthy to succeed their late Presidents. Nor can it be a source of satisfaction to them to learn that these two gentlemen refuse absolutely to accept the position—Mr. Watts on account of his age, and Mr. Orchardson, we are informed, because he does not care to spare the time for the official—and social—duties which, fungus-like, have attached themselves to the post. Mr. Watts has an adequate excuse. But, for the sake of British art, and more even for the sake of the Royal Academy, we should like to ask Mr. Orchardson to reconsider his decision.” In conclusion, our contemporary points out to Mr. Orchardson that he need not “seek to extend the social prestige of the Royal Academy. So long as

the Academy gives dinners and inhabits a palace, the prince and the millionaire will struggle for invitations to its feasts. But what Mr. Orchardson could do, and we imagine would be delighted to do, and by doing would gain a still greater name for himself, would be to develop the artistic influence of the Academy, to recognize England’s supremacy in the decorative, the applied, arts and crafts, to sweep away the antiquated schools, to make this body, which is already the richest association in the world, the most powerful body as well.”

What a project! Unfortunately, however, Mr. Orchardson is not told how to proceed in this most radical reform. Can the advice “to recognize England’s supremacy in the decorative, the applied, arts and crafts, to sweep away the antiquated schools,” mean that the whole body of the “Arts and Crafts Society” are to be immediately elected Associates of the Academy—Mr. William Morris, perhaps, with full Academic honours—while the older members of the Academy, from Mr. Horsley to Mr. Dicksee, are to be forcibly deprived of their rights of membership? But however fine the project, it is insignificant in comparison to the conviction which provokes it: “England’s supremacy in the decorative, the applied, arts and crafts”! That is almost as exhilarating as the famous conviction of Lord Macaulay touching the value of the literature now extant in the English language; and as Matthew Arnold said on that occasion, so will we say on this, “it may, or may not, be.” Though why Mr. Orchardson should be singled out for this honour we do not know. He has a pretty vein for painting, a far greater sense for Art than most members of the Academy: and we can but applaud his good sense in preferring to follow where he had trodden with a certain measure of success, rather than to essay new paths for which it is by no means certain he is fitted. For the programme of the “Daily Chronicle” there is obviously but one instrument available, Professor Herkomer. Under his Presidency, we might shortly expect the schools of the Academy to become raucous with the labours of the metal-beater, and the great Gallery given over to the works of the wood-carver. The virtues of Birmingham and Germany would become united in the person of Academic Art: and the most airy expectations of our contemporary be more than fulfilled.

But these, to our mind, are reforms far too searching and radical. The Royal Academy, although it possesses a Royal Charter and a lodging in Burlington House, which invest it with the air of a National Institution in which all the higher arts of design are “regularly cultivated,” is really concerned only with the manufacture and sale of oil-paintings. So much so is this, that an architect, a sculptor, or a painter in water-colours, no matter his genius, could not, for a moment, be seriously put forward as a candidate for the Presidency. Sir John Gilbert is a far greater artist than Mr. Orchardson, than any living Academician except Mr. Watts; but he is not only the President of the Old Water-Colour Society, he is, above all things, a most able draftsman and a water-colour painter: and so no one has allowed any mere considerations of Art so far to blind him as to foresee in him a possible successor to Sir John Millais. The Academy being as it is, his appointment would have no meaning. Still the question remains, who is to be President if Mr. Watts should refuse the honour? The choice certainly is most difficult; indeed, we can only say with the poet, “E quis dux fieri quilibet aptus erat.” Which of them is distinguished by any one of the many qualities which single out Mr. Watts as the one man fitted to be President of the Academy such as Reynolds conceived it and endeavoured to make it? It would be unfair to regard his immense dignity as a man, his singleness of aim as an artist, his contempt of titles and honours which have nothing to do with Art, his munificence, to which the National Gallery, the National Portrait Gallery, and more than one other Gallery bear witness, as common qualities to be found every day: but is there one of the Academicians who has consistently approached Art in the spirit in which Mr. Watts has always approached it?

Perhaps we should do well to frankly accept this state of affairs, and to treat the post of President of the Academy as we have already treated the post of

Poet Laureate. It was once wittily said of the Order of the Garter that there was no d—d nonsense of merit about it; and we, as a nation, have confessed as much of the Laureateship by the late appointment. Both the post of Poet Laureate and President of the Academy are official positions; and an official position can only be properly filled by a good official. As a public servant, the chief duty of the President is to entertain and preside at those dinners where, as the "Daily Chronicle" felicitously puts it, "the Prince of Wales may sit at the President's right, but the dealer and the millionaire collector are almost as close on his left." Address, *savoir faire*, and private means are, therefore, pre-eminently the qualities for which the new President should be distinguished. In this view Mr. Val Prinsep, it is said, presents a unique figure. No one has attained to the *curiosa felicitas* of the Academic mean so entirely and successfully as he. His work, unspoiled by the vagaries of genius, unprejudiced by any vulgar taint of popularity, never obtrudes itself upon the memory: it is eminently well bred, and it should form a pleasing and acceptable background to his figure as President. His appointment would assure the world at large that the integrity of the Academy was likely to be preserved.

MONEY MATTERS.

CAN any good thing come out of the "House"? has been the feeling of most speculators during the past week. They have not, it is true, suffered loss; but the markets have been like the sea on a dirty day, short and choppy, and from such no satisfaction can be derived. In our opinion, however, all is shaping for better conditions. Both from the East and from South Africa we shall soon have better news, while no new cloud, big even as a man's hand, appears above the political horizon. Trade will probably soon begin to expand, and money, although rather dearer, will remain cheap enough for all practical purposes. It has to be remembered that generally more harm is done, or the conditions are more unhealthy, when money is abnormally cheap than when fair rates rule in Lombard Street.

Consols have declined, and not a few speculators are inclined to anticipate a further fall in their prices. Probably, if money becomes dearer, which seems extremely likely, we shall see the price down to 110. We have to remember that a huge amount of money is locked up temporarily in the Funds, for when loans have been obtainable at next to nothing on "gilt-edged" stocks it has been a good business to buy the latter on a $2\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. yield. The supply of Consols will, we suspect, be largely increased before long. The same argument does not apply to Home Corporation stocks, &c., and hence we look for no substantial declension in value. Colonial Government bonds rule firm, and will probably tend upwards; but the movement is sure to be slow. At 111 or $111\frac{1}{2}$ Transvaal Five per Cents. are cheap, the net yield being nearly $4\frac{1}{2}$ per cent., but unfortunately they have not long to run before redemption.

Home Railway stocks have been quiet and featureless, but the tone of the market has inclined to dulness, for although the traffic returns showed fairly good results, the Caledonian dividend fell short of expectation. This department looks to us a little "tired," and quotations are likely to droop. For an advance no reason can be found. The Caledonian distribution is at the rate of 5 per cent., comparing with $4\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. in 1895, whereas $\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. or $\frac{3}{4}$ per cent. had been expected. A sharp fall has taken place in the Company's stocks, and North British issues have, of course, sympathized. Neither the "Heavies" nor the Southern stocks show any developments of importance. Great Easterns have been dull. It is to be noted that the railway companies are now beginning to spend new capital rather freely. Apart from the exceptional outlay of the Sheffield Company, the expenditure foreshadowed by the leading companies amounts to about four millions, or nearly a million more than for the first half of the present year. This is not satisfactory, or

will not be later on, for the full weight of the burden will probably be felt when revenue has ceased to expand; but, fortunately, the new capital now raised is obtained on very easy terms.

"Yankee" Rails have improved to a rather decided extent, and, although prices may react, we think that they are now likely to be on the up grade—that it is, in fact, better to be a chronic "bull" at the current quotations than to be on the "bear" tack. To "go short" of stocks which are quoted at very nearly an irreducible minimum savours of the grotesque, and is no more likely to yield profit than a scheme for making ropes out of the sands of the Sahara. In detail there is little to be said of the market. Notwithstanding poor trade returns, several companies have issued good reports. The Wabash, for instance, which is as thoroughly English as the Denver, shows a surplus over fixed charges (which do not naturally include the "B" Debenture interest) of \$67,000, as against a deficit of \$548,000 a year ago. The "B" Debentures should be bought, but not to "contango"—to "salt down." The Southern Railway Company also makes a good exhibit, and it has, we think, good prospects.

The little "Ontario," which is an English-managed road, thanks to "Joe" Price, goes on steadily, although dividends are not yet in sight, nor will be until the shares can be split; but the Louisville is doing badly, and the Union Pacific—poor victim of Jay Gould, as was the Central Pacific of "C. P." Huntington—sinks deeper in the mire, default having now been made on the Sinking Fund bonds. Nothing is being done with the Baltimore and Ohio reorganization, but the shares are good to buy and hold by those who can wait for profits. Canadian railway stocks have advanced to a slight extent in price. Of the Grand Trunk there is nothing to be said; but its rival, the Canadian Pacific, is "going strong," the past month of the current half-year opening with a net gain of \$141,000.

Recently the weary and worried, those souls who sigh for a solitude, might have gratified their desires by resorting to the Foreign market. There, despite the "Shadow" and his doings, despite the unexpected death of Prince Lobanoff, perhaps the ablest statesman that Russia has ever known—known only in full power for eighteen months—all has been quiet and sleepy, resembling that land in which it was always afternoon. The so-called "International" stocks have varied but slightly, the tone on the whole being firmer, for the Continental Bourses are disposed to look at the future through rose-coloured glasses.

In the huge department devoted to Mining shares a fair quantity of business has been transacted, and quotations, as a whole, have kept firm, although the movements which have taken place show a good deal of irregularity. South African issues have advanced, and, in our opinion, they are going higher, but London may have to swallow more of the shares which are now out of favour in Paris. A special feature has been the strength of Diamond shares, more particularly De Beers. Rhodesian issues attract rather more attention. The Westralian Market has been very irregular, but the conditions and outlook are favourable. The Aladdin's Lamp is making wonderful returns, and the shares should go much higher. With 60 per cent. dividends earned easily they should be cheap at £5. New Zealand descriptions look like going better. Upon French buying, Rio Tintos have bounded upwards, but they are not one of our fancies. Anacondas, however, are a "good bull." Indian shares have been inactive, but prices keep firm.

We learn on good authority that the Grand Central Mining Company, to which we referred last week, was registered in London on 6 August last, with a capital of £250,000, the Directors being H. Howell Hines (the vendor), Captain Mein (late Manager of the Robinson Mine, South Africa), T. Matesdorf, V. Broderick Cloete, and Henry Oppenheim, junior. The property, which is a gold mine thoroughly equipped and in full working order, is situate in Sonora, Mexico, and has been ex-

amined and fully reported on by Mr. John B. Farish. The purchase price paid to the vendor was £150,000 in cash, and £62,500 in fully paid shares, 37,500 fully paid shares being given to the Syndicate which in the early part of the year acquired an option on the mine, and expended some £20,000 in proving its value. The Exploration Company placed 150,000 shares at £1 per share to provide the purchase money, and the mine was taken over by the Company on August 15th in full working order, free of debt, and requiring no further working capital than the bullion which is being daily extracted. The latest cable received announces that the production of the mine for the first fortnight in August was at the rate of \$8,400 a day, and, as the cost of production is under 25 per cent., there is thus a net profit of about £1,260 per day.

The Johannesburg Consolidated Investment Company, Limited, announces a further dividend of 10 per cent., making in all 25 per cent. for the year ending 30 June. This Company is about to issue 200,000 shares, with which "Barney's Bank" and several other of B. I. B.'s undertakings will be absorbed. It is strange that this great financier did not earlier discover the possible conflict of interests, which now makes amalgamation advisable. Some day, perhaps, we shall reach finality. That well-known Hall, the Canterbury, pays a better dividend—viz. 10 per cent., against 7½ per cent. Finally, we note that, in order to save in expenditure, the General Steam Navigation Company is now going to dispense with an independent audit. The shareholders will be very foolish if they acquiesce with the directors on this point.

A cable which has just been received from the managing director of the Golden River Quesnelle, Limited, goes a long way to justify the belief we expressed a few weeks back in the possibilities of a great future for this Company. The cable states that the clean-up of the Cariboo Hydraulic Mining Company for twenty-five days amounts to \$81,500, or about £16,000. The Cariboo Hydraulic Mining Company are engaged in hydraulicizing a portion of the banks of the south fork of the Quesnelle River, and are at present only employing 3,000 inches of water in these operations. This clean-up, therefore, represents an average of over \$1 to the cubic yard of gravel, which is an almost unprecedented return, and should further confirm the expectations held as to the phenomenal amount of gold contained in the bed of the Quesnelle River, which has eroded these same gravel banks.

NEW ISSUES, &c.

THE FIRST HAND SYNDICATE, LIMITED.

To criticize a company with a capital of only £10,000 is much the same as breaking a butterfly on the wheel; but at the same time the First Hand Syndicate, Limited, really calls for a little comment. It seems that the founders, who get one hundred Deferred shares of 1s. each, are entitled (1) to one-fourth of the profit in each year; (2) to one-fourth of the surplus assets in the event of liquidation after paying off the paid-up capital; and (3) to a voting power equal to that of the whole of the Ordinary shares put together. This is a great deal for a five-pound note, and the prospects of the founders compare favourably with those of the shareholders, although it is rather difficult to see what the latter can expect to derive from finance and exploring on so small a capital.

THE PLAYA DE ORO MINING COMPANY.

This Company is said to own some "placer gold mines" in Ecuador. Other similar shares, we may state, are being placed upon the London market by a "Yankee" firm, and we would advise investors most strongly to make very careful inquiries before in any case they part with their money.

NEW ZEALAND EXPLOITATION.

We cannot but wonder at the assurance of those gentlemen who, in the name of the New Zealand Joint Stock and General Corporation, Limited, calmly ask

the public for a quarter of a million to trade with in almost exactly any way that they may elect. The prospectus naturally contains a waiver clause, and just as naturally contains no information of any importance. It all comes to this: that five no doubt very estimable but not particularly well-known gentlemen ask the public for £250,000 to play with in New Zealand. Their "deals" may turn out well, or they may not; but if they get the money no one can accuse this generation of a lack of faith.

THE NEW SOUTH LONDON, LIMITED.

The prospectus of the New South London, Limited, suffers slightly from the defect of not being quite up to date. It states, for instance, that Mr. Newsom-Smith, that omnipresent gentleman in music-halldom, who is a director, is also associated in a similar way with the Tivoli, although only a little while ago we were told that his connection with that place of amusement had been "terminated." His place has been taken by another director of the New South London, Mr. Adney Payne, who also "consents" to be managing director. It would be interesting to know how this gentleman is going to fulfil his multifarious appointments to the satisfaction of those who hold shares in music-halls, and it would be even more interesting to have full information in regard to the New Purchase and Improvement Company, Limited, which is the vendor &c., and in which three out of the five South London directors are interested as shareholders.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

UNITED BULTFONTEIN.—In our number of 13 June, under the heading of "United Mines, Bultfontein, Limited," we recommended our readers to put money in the Company as an investment. Since that date the shares have slightly fallen in value, and we have received inquiries from many correspondents as to whether we advise them to hold on or to sell. We never recommended the United Mines as a speculation, but as an investment, and we have not altered our opinion. We thought it better, however, to consult a well-known mining authority, who has himself visited the mine. He gave as the reason of the fall in the yield the fact that, in order to clear the mine, which covers more claims than any other in the Bultfontein diamond-fields, a quantity of *débris* and top-soil has to be worked off. As soon as that is finished, in about another month, a better yield may be expected.

"ANTI-HUMBUG."—Thanks for your letter, with which we agree in all respects. Our strictures would apply equally well to the Army and Navy Stores. Both points raised will probably be dealt with by us later.

L. M. B.—Your questions require some time for inquiry. Do nothing until we are able to reply next week.

"PUZZLED."—Be good enough to send us the documents to which you refer.

CORRESPONDENCE.

BEETROOT AND BOUNTIES.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

GLASGOW, 2 September, 1896.

SIR,—Mr. Jager takes up the effect of bounties upon sugar-refiners alone, and as he is a sugar-refiner, and knows the whole truth of the matter so far as refining is concerned, it is perhaps well that he should deal with that which he knows, leaving those who can speak with full knowledge to take up the subject from the cane-sugar grower's standpoint. I am neither a refiner nor a sugar-cane grower, and perhaps I have no standing. I am hardly even affected by the bounties, but I touch the fringe of both interests. Being therefore almost free from personal motives, I can speak with perfect impartiality upon the subject, and, from experience and observation, can describe the havoc which bounties have wrought in the fortunes of my friends. Year by year within the last twenty years I have seen estate after estate abandoned in the West Indies, and within the same period refinery after

refinery stopped; pass through a period of probation and expectancy, in the hope that the bounty-giving countries would awaken from what our self-sufficient political economists call insanity; then sinking under the "hope deferred which maketh the heart sick." I have seen the machinery broken up and the buildings razed to the ground. Standing one day on the high ground above Greenock, I heard a man, who seemed to be in a melancholy and reflective mood, give audible utterance to his ruminations as he surveyed the buildings beneath him. "There is no need to go to Pompeii to see ruins; we can see them here," he said. And so he could; for beneath him lay seven refineries, and several works dependent upon them, abandoned and in ruins.

When this subject is discussed with the self-satisfied political economist and so-called free-trader, he says it is hard, it is a pity, but it cannot be helped. Now *Punch* once said, and said truly, "pity without relief is like mustard without beef." Nobody wants pity. A hideous injustice is admittedly being perpetrated. Let us, therefore, instead either of exciting or expressing pity, try to remedy an admitted wrong. Let us do what is right, and dare the devil for the consequences. Such a creed as this was the heritage and once the glory of a Briton. Surely that spirit has not left us.

Notwithstanding the continual prating about bounties, and the assumed benefit which your glib so-called Free-trader says the country derives from it, I am quite sure that not one in a thousand really knows what bounties are. The system, in so far as *produce* is concerned, deals so exclusively with sugar that the moment the subject is mooted Protection is at once thought of; and so selfish has every trader become that he immediately claims some advantage for his special trade, under the belief that the sugar-grower and refiner are suffering exactly from the same trouble as he himself is suffering from. If other industries were touched as sugar has been, the country would soon rouse itself from its supineness. M. Jager has referred to the jam and confectionery trades, and I have shown how these trades might soon go the way of sugar-refining if a drawback were claimed by the manufacturers on the Continent; and I am sometimes wicked enough to wish for a speedy approach of that time as a retribution for the injustice resulting from the present nefarious system, which the cry of these trades has mainly contributed to perpetuate.

The whole mistake of your so-called Free-traders is this, that they deal with the momentary and apparent gain, while they overlook the perpetual and real advantage of the future. Their stock argument is a comparison of bounties with the beneficence of the sun, forgetting that the one is subject to the whims and caprices of men, while the other is eternal and unchangeable. If the bounty is to be a perpetual gain, or even if a bargain be struck for its continuance during the next fifty or hundred years, then by all means let us agree to it. We shall then adapt ourselves to the circumstances and take to new industries; but it is the perception of a false policy pursued on the Continent in giving bounties, and the uncertainty attending them, that disturbs the sugar-grower and the refiner, and which has brought ruin to not a few.

We are told that the bounties have been a great gain to our country, by making sugar cheap. Is this so? Mr. Jager has clearly shown that sugar has fallen as other articles of produce have fallen, and any one will find that this is the case if he takes the trouble to compare prices some years ago with the prices of to-day. Indeed, Mr. Jager might have gone much further than he has done, and showed how some articles, other than those he gives, have fallen much more than sugar has done without the intervention of bounties at all. The whole bounty given by Germany is, as I have already said, 25s. per ton upon raw sugar and 36s. 8d. per ton upon refined. But, as a nation, we don't get any more of this than the seller can help. The present method of receiving the bounty can only be likened to certain base practices occasionally pursued in business. A seller, in order to introduce his wares into a factory, may deem it prudent to bribe the foreman or some of the workmen, and so force his goods into use in the

factory. Now such a seller is usually a very astute person, and if he parts with one pound in such a manner, it is in the hope of making at least two out of it. The invariable effect of such a policy is demoralization of the men, and I have never seen any business so conducted that has not come to ruin. I fear the same policy pursued by our nation has already had its debasing effect, but with this strange difference, that, instead of the recipients of the bribes blushing for shame when found out, here they glory in the fact that they are reaping an imaginary benefit at the expense and suffering of others. How different is the business conducted on sound principles! and how different would be the effect if the dealings about bounties took place between principal and principal, nation and nation! We should then know that we got all of the bounty, and not a part of it only, and the money so received would go for the good of the community, even as the close bargain between principal and seller would add to the wealth and welfare of a business. If such a bargain were struck I have shown that the national exchequer would be the richer for it by £1,868,760, and we as taxpayers would be saved our burdens to that extent. Even if it is not applied for the remission of taxes, let me commend a scheme to Mr. Chamberlain. He wishes to start an old age pension fund; let him use this sum as a nucleus—it is a considerable "nest egg." For, get the money who may, the right man is not getting it now, nor are we as a nation, or some of the individuals of it, getting the whole of what our generous neighbours are willing to give us. But is it necessary for us to strike a bargain with other nations? The question is one to be answered by ourselves. Other nations make us the gift, it is for us to decide about its appropriation and distribution. The bounties are now quite clearly defined, and no nation can object to us doing with their gift as we please. It is idle to wait till others arrange. Let us do what is right for ourselves. "Heaven helps those who help themselves."

Some difficulties have been suggested about the manner of collecting any countervailing duty, as there is now no organization for collecting duties upon sugar. Even if the shipowners were made the collectors at the same time as they collect their freights, it would serve the purpose for a time, for their manifests are open for inspection, and the whole number of carriers of bounty-fed sugar into our ports cannot exceed twenty or thirty, all of whom are of first-class standing.—Yours truly,
"CARBON."

THE POSSIBILITY OF HUMAN FLIGHT.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

VICTORIA MANSIONS, 32 VICTORIA STREET, LONDON,
28 August, 1896.

DEAR SIR,—In your issue of 22 August you attribute Herr Lilienthal's sad disaster to his machine not having been stable sideways. As a matter of fact, his accident had nothing to do with transverse stability; he pitched endways. Having started from a high hill and made an excellent soar, in which he had lost only very little in elevation, he lost his forward speed through the air; partly, it appears, from the accounts of onlookers, through having ridden his machine with his weight rather far back, in order that he might gain full benefit from an anticipated puff of wind, and partly because, from a sudden lull in the wind, he found himself all at once without motion through the air. He consequently put his weight forward to incline the front of the machine downwards, that he might regain his forward speed; but unfortunately he tilted the machine too much down in front and descended practically end on. It had always been Herr Lilienthal's custom to balance the machine both sideways and endways by moving his weight only; but on this occasion he was using in conjunction another device by which when he moved his head the horizontal rudder moved, so as to give him greater command over the tilting of the machine. His accident is very probably due to his not having been quite well enough acquainted with this new system.

In your article you make a great point of soaring machines such as Herr Lilienthal's being stable side-

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ways. It is a matter of experience, both Herr Lilienthal's and my own, that if a machine is made stable sideways it will constantly come to grief. Side stability may be given by making the machine like a Hargrave kite having vertical side surfaces, or it can be given by raising the wings at the tips—that is to say, by making it V-shaped in the end view. If the wind were steady, a stable machine would be all right; but with a stable machine, if the wind shifts sideways so that it comes slightly on one side of the machine, it must necessarily raise that side against which the wind strikes, and this tends to capsize it, whereas by making the machine quite neutral transversely, which can be effected by making the wing tips only very slightly raised above the centre of the machine and by making the wings hollow transversely, the machine can be handled comparatively easily in a shifty wind, the transverse balance being maintained by throwing the weight of the body from side to side.

It is also necessary to keep the wing surface low, because if it is high above the man's body a sudden puff of wind will take the light wings away with it to a certain extent, whereas it will not have much hold on the comparatively small and heavy body of the man underneath. There will thus be a capsizing tendency and the control of the machine will be taken away from the man.

I thought it might be as well to point out these facts to you for the benefit of any others who may be experimenting.—Yours truly,
PERCY S. PILCHER,
Assistant to HIRAM S. MAXIM.

THE CONSUMPTION OF OPIUM.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

DEVIZES, 3 September, 1896.

SIR,—The following anecdote was told lately by the Chungking correspondent of the "North China Herald." Two Englishmen were invited to a mandarin's house to hear a certain musician. A young lad of sixteen went away from the room to smoke opium.

"How dreadful!" said one of the Europeans; "a lad of sixteen to smoke opium! He will never live."

"Look at all my five sons, born since I smoked," said the host. "I began when I was twenty. Indeed, his family are rather glad he smokes. You see he is a very rich young fellow from up-river, who has no father, and if he did not smoke opium he would be sure to get into mischief with women or gambling. Now smoking opium, they think, will keep him at home."

We are often told by those who conceive it their mission to prevent the Chinese smoking opium, that the latter are unanimous in condemning the habit. That statement may be true in the sense that most Englishmen deprecate drinking; but it must evidently be taken with reservation. Chungking is the capital of Szechuen—the largest, wealthiest, and most populous province of China. Yet Szechuen produces more opium than all India put together; and the habit of smoking seems, there, general. Surely if opium were so pernicious as we are told, there would be evidences rather of depopulation and pauperization.

My motive is less, however, to discuss the morality of opium-smoking than to show how small a proportion India supplies of the total consumed. Writing, twenty years ago, as a member of the mission sent to inquire into Margary's murder, Mr. Colborne Baber said:—

"We were astounded at the extent of the poppy cultivation both in Szechuen and Yunnan. . . . In ascending the river (Yangtze), wherever cultivation existed we found numerous fields of poppy. Even the sandy banks were often planted with it down to the water's edge. But it was not until we began our land journey in Yunnan that we fairly realized the enormous extent of the production. . . . I estimate that the poppy fields constitute a third of the whole cultivation of Yunnan. . . . We walked hundreds of miles through poppies; we breakfasted among poppies; we shot wildducks in the poppies. . . . I am not concerned, here, with the projects or prospects of the Society for the Abolition of Opium. If, however, they desire to give the strongest impetus to its growth in Yunnan, let them by all means discourage its production in India."

The Society have acted on this advice. Our Government has so far yielded as to help the Chinese to put a heavy tax on Indian opium. The Government of India has helped by closing the Mints and raising its relative cost by inflating the rupee. The effect has been a steady decline in the import of Indian opium, and precisely the increased production in China which Mr. Baber told us to expect. The Society never exhibits that side of the picture; so it may perhaps be worth while quoting a few figures tending to throw upon it a measure of light. H.B.M.'s Consul gives, for instance, the following statistics of the quantity of native opium which has passed through the Imperial Maritime Customs at Chungking, during recent years:

	1892	1893	1894	1895
Szechuen Opium, lbs.	332,533	335,066	704,000	1,438,800
Yunnan Opium " "	12,266	11,333	98,533	131,733

And these figures, be it remembered, simply represent a quota which the two provinces were able to contribute to the needs of others, after supplying their own requirements. They represent, moreover, only a proportion of that quota; for Mr. Tratman assumes at least an equal quantity to have found its way out through other channels; and when we find that 1,330,000 lbs. of native opium were imported into Shanghai alone, we can have little difficulty in accepting the estimate; for the same tale of decrease in the import of Indian and increase in the use of Chinese opium comes from almost every quarter. But multiplication of figures is a weariness to the flesh. Enough has been said to enable your readers to estimate the accuracy of the prediction hazarded by H.B.M.'s Consul at Shanghai, that, although "the [Indian] trade which so many wish to see ended by violent means seems likely to disappear by a sort of painless extinction . . . opium smoking is not likely to diminish in the land."

A consciousness of these facts may have had as much as lack of time to do with Li Hung-chang's objection to receive a deputation of the Anti-Opium Society during his visit. If we conceive Sir William Harcourt approached, during a visit to China, by certain Chinese gentlemen anxious to diminish gin-drinking in England, we should have a parallel situation, and the practical effect would, in either case, be about the same. What precise advantage, therefore, will have been gained when India has been deprived of a lucrative source of revenue does not appear. There may be some who will talk about "wages of sin"! If these can succeed in stopping the cultivation in India altogether, and so creating disaffection among our splendid Sikhs who are opium-eaters to a man, at the same time that they are undermining the efficiency of our English troops by insistence on a fad of another kind, they may be able to sleep with a consciousness of work well done.—Yours, &c.

A FORMER RESIDENT IN THE EAST.

AID TO POOR LADIES AND GENTLEMEN.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

4 PARK PLACE, ST. JAMES'S, August 1896

SIR,—The "Saturday Review" of 22 August exposed one anomaly about income-tax on married people. I venture to ask you to expose another—viz., the absolute absence of any bank or public institution where indigent poor ladies and gentlemen needing a temporary loan to "assist themselves" can be obtained on reasonable terms in the absence of good security. A barrister told me members of his profession were sometimes ruined by certain persons lending them money on fees due to them—at 12 per cent. Pawnbrokers legally receive 25 per cent., as I know to my sorrow, and obtain ample security in the shape of plate or jewelry. When at Gibraltar, some years ago, I was given details of the system on which Sacconi, the well-known wine merchant, lent money at 5 per cent. He was always repaid, and died worth about a million sterling. A loan not more than £100 to a lieutenant; £200 to a captain; £300 to a major; £400 to a colonel, was the basis of the system.

The matter may be worth the attention of financiers, who, by thus aiding others, may prove good friends to themselves and do untold good.—Your obedient servant,
X.

REVIEWS.

M. DARMESTERER'S ENGLISH STUDIES.

"English Studies." By James Darmesteter. Translated by Mary Darmesteter (A. Mary F. Robinson). London: T. Fisher Unwin. 1896.

BY all who had the honour of acquaintance, even in a very slight degree, with the great scholar who wrote these pages, any memorial of his mind will be cherished. Madame Darmesteter, in the closing words of her preface, speaks of "his deep learning, his ardent gentle heart, his fragile person, his dignified and loving manners, and all his exquisite simplicity"; and her words of affection are no more than words of faithful insight. To one who knew no character of Zend and to whom Zoroaster was only a mysterious name, M. Darmesteter could not deploy his wealth of scholarship; but the beauty of his spirit could not be hidden. The writer of this notice remembers a walk by the seashore in his company, and can recall no word that was spoken; but he can still see in memory the frail figure stooping to raise up and cherish in his hand a small fledgling—sand-martin perhaps—which had fallen from the sea-cliffs; and if there was speculation in the bright bead-like eyes of the bird, they could have read nothing in the bright and tender human eyes but sympathy with forlorn weakness. Perhaps the mother found her nestling where it was placed warm and sheltered by a gentle hand.

It was well for Oriental scholarship that James Darmesteter did not yield to the temptation of becoming an interpreter of English literature to France. "I was once on the very point of hating science," he wrote; but perhaps the charm of the East was stronger than he knew—perhaps he learnt in London, like the poet of the old Moulmein Pagoda, the truth of that dictum of the ten-year soldier: "If you've 'eard the East a-callin' you won't never 'eed naught else."

In his leisure hours, however, he loved, writes Madame Darmesteter, "to listen to the echo of his dearest thoughts in any kindred English soul. Thus he observed the posthumous adventures of Joan of Arc in England. Thus he noted the reflection of the French Revolution as mirrored in the mind of Wordsworth. Such were the recreations of his meditative spirit. But his study of George Eliot was more than a recreation—it was a profession of faith."

The strength of will which underlay his physical fragility and which supported his studies enabled Darmesteter to respond favourably to the request of Professor Max Müller that he should prepare an English translation of the Vendidad for the Clarendon Press. The same indomitable resolution carried him away from his quiet study to India, in order that he might recover the last traditions of the Avesta, and investigate the language and literature of the Afghan tribes on the North-west Frontier. Everywhere he was welcomed, honoured, and loved. Madame Darmesteter tells how it was in his Peshawur garden, one lazy Indian afternoon, that he first read the "Italian Garden" of Miss Mary Robinson, and determined that, on his return, he would make the acquaintance of the writer; she has been happily indiscreet in not reserving from the reader the pages in which her husband expressed his admiration of her own work. When at home in their *salon* of the Rue Bara, kind Indian faces appeared there from time to time—the Arch-priest Jivanjee Modi, "whose alert and curious mind moved so nimbly beneath the rigid formula of his antique belief"; the Gujerati St. Francis, whose Parisian fare consisted of two sous of bread and three sous of milk; Bahramjee Malabari, who, if Madame Darmesteter may be credited, united the discrepant rôles of pressman and prophet. James Darmesteter had sympathy with those nationalities which suffer from the want of amenity in English rule; but he was no sentimentalist: "he recognized that the Fenian conspirator against the Sassenach and the Bengalee Baboo . . . are enviable and even happy compared with that which they would become if freed from the constraint which maintains them in the way of progress."

Celtic studies naturally interested an eminent philo-

gist like Darmesteter. The opening sentences of his article on "Irish Literature and Ossian" convey a useful lesson to the small band of literary stragglers who weary our ears with cries for a Celtic revival, which is for ever coming, and has never arrived: "France, the land of Gaul, was the natural cradle of Celtic studies; but they died young, destroyed by the absurdity of the Celtomaniac. The Celtomaniac is, or rather was, the patriot who holds it an article of faith that primitive man conversed in Bas-Breton. The public, by its nature superficial and devoted to routine, careless of the difference between a science and its savants, englobed in the same disdain the Celtomaniac and his Celtic studies." Scientific study passed from France to Germany. M. de la Villemarqué, indeed, called attention to the manuscripts; but "he was too much in love with art to be a scholar; he could not resign himself to plain and simple erudition." The true Celtic revival—such is the lesson—is an affair of scholarship; and it is scholars, not *dilettante* Celtomaniacs, who are capable of enduring the labours of scientific study.

And yet no Celtomaniac ought to desire a more generous recognition of the literary value of a portion of the old Celtic remains than that of Darmesteter. He gives an account, after M. d'Arbois de Jubainville, of the mythic, heroic, and legendary cycles of Irish epics, and is filled with admiration for the savage grandeur which Macpherson tricked out in insipid tirades and pseudo-sentiment of nature for readers of the eighteenth century. But he suspects the patriotism of Irish enthusiasts who will not take the pains to turn the leaves of a grammar or study a text, who are incapable of even conceiving the scientific reconstitution of early Irish literature, and who have with few exceptions allowed German, English, and French students to be the exponents to Europe of the venerable literary possessions of their country. It is a pleasant division of labour: let Englishmen and Germans do the work, and Irish patriots will furnish the sentiment and raise the appropriate clamour. "To rediscover ancient Gaul," wrote Darmesteter, "let us cross the Channel to Ireland. And this is the reason why Irish archæology and Irish philology should become a branch of the study of our national antiquities. Ireland alone remembers a portion of our forgotten past." It would be a joy to Darmesteter, were he now living, to inspect the superb volumes of Celtic texts issued by the Royal Irish Academy, in which if we have not sentiment we at least have science. But the name of their learned editor, Professor Atkinson, strikes us as more Anglo-Scandinavian than Celtic.

THE NEW AMERICAN NOVELISTS.

"George's Mother." By Stephen Crane. London and New York: Arnold. 1896.

"In the Heart of the Hills." By Sherwin Cody. London: Dent. 1896.

UNTIL the languages differentiate, it is necessarily an unscientific method to draw hard-and-fast lines between groups of American and English writers. Yet there are educational differences between the States and this country that are distinctly traceable in the workmanship of the younger writers. The system of the English public school and university, essentially a survival, finds no real counterpart in America; and the consequent predominance of Latin and Greek learning, the tradition of secluded scholarship, the want of intelligent appreciation of commerce and manufacture, the academic habit of criticizing deductively from admitted classics, are less conspicuous in the intellectual life of the States. And in the past English periodical literature and criticism were largely, and are so still to a distinctive extent, under the control of the graduate of Oxford or Cambridge. Through these influences a large amount of the enterprise of our younger men is directed along the line of imitation, the sham antique, the historical novel: the exhausted tradition of Scott dominates many of them, even fatally. From the point of view of artistic development the literary culture of the Universities is almost worse than no culture at all, since it establishes a barrier against all imperfect

novelty, and all novelty is necessarily more or less imperfect. The influence of Tolstoi, for instance, of Ibsen, or of Turgenev, is robbed of half its potentialities in this country by the slim self-satisfaction engendered by the academic training. Turgenev, perhaps more than Tolstoi, has influenced us in England, and that chiefly through the French studio and the French critic. His methods are particularly in evidence in the work of Messrs. George Gissing and George Moore. It would be hard to find the suggestions of Tolstoi dominant among contemporary English work.

But in the last decade American criticism has become noticeably emancipated from its subservience to the English academic tradition, and the more extensive use of scientific study in higher education there has resulted in a broader and more intelligent view of method and construction. To turn from the amiable fatuities of Mr. Lang in such an English magazine as "Longman's" to the altogether less graceful and incomparably saner writing of Mr. Boysen is to turn from the old learning to the new. Clearly there has been an enormous amount of mental activity among the ambitious young men across the Atlantic, and in Mr. Crane and Mr. Cody we have the first-fruits of the growth. Mr. Crane, albeit much more of a theoretical product than critics here have recognized, is evidently a young man of very exceptional ability; Mr. Cody is even more typical in that his mental stature is not conspicuously above that of the common man. And they are both indebted to Tolstoi to an extent out of all comparison with any English writer.

The distinction of Tolstoi from the purely descriptive or scientific school of which Turgenev is the prince and Mr. George Gissing the most prominent English exponent lies in the extraordinary use in narrative of sustained descriptions of the mental states of his characters. Great lengths of story are told in a kind of monologue in the third person. Mr. Crane outdoes his master in this direction in the present book almost as much as in "The Red Badge of Courage," which has already been reviewed in these columns. And in Mr. Cody, too, to a lesser extent, this peculiarity of Tolstoi prevails. But reading Mr. Cody, one comes upon the danger of the method. Nothing is so profoundly interesting, nothing appeals so vividly to the sympathetic imagination, as mental processes written with a masterly grip of the mind described. But without that masterly grip, or with that grip relaxed for a time! Witness Mr. Cody's version of the mental processes of a town boy who has quarrelled with his father, and left him:—

"Alec had often heard how his father, Alexander senior, had gone to the city a poor boy, with only a dollar in his pocket and no immediate prospect of more, how he had worked and starved, and finally succeeded and grown rich. Now a brilliant idea came to him. Why should not he, Alexander junior, a poor city boy, come to the country with only two dollars in his pocket, and make his fortune? Fortune is a curious thing. You never know where it will turn up, and often it fails under the most propitious circumstances.

"As he lay there in the rosy light of dawn, Alec saw fortunes in farming: the cattle and sheep he had passed were walking mines of gold; country store- and hotel-keeping was an enormous business. At any rate, he was going to tackle the question with energy, and exhaust its possibilities. Yesterday he would have been glad to know where he was to get his next meal. But the episode of Maud's dollar bill had put him on his mettle. Besides, without his knowing it, a new element had entered his mind. The dim figure of a woman lurked in the background of his thoughts and pricked him on. He pitied her, and it angered him that he was so helpless to help her."

That phrase "the rosy light of dawn" gives Mr. Cody's quality very completely. With the remark that he contrives to keep a story, of such texture as this, interesting from start to finish, we may dismiss him. He has served to illustrate the Tolstoi form in a cheap material, and that is his sole purpose here.

But in Mr. Crane's work not only is the method present, but the matter is admirably sound; young George getting drunk, for instance, in this passage:—

"Of a sudden Kelsey felt the buoyant thought that

he was having a good time. He was all at once an enthusiast, as if he were at a festival of a religion. He felt that there was something fine and thrilling in this affair, isolated from a stern world, and from which the laughter arose like incense. He knew that old sentiment of brotherly regard for those about him. He began to converse tenderly with them.

"He was not sure of his drift of thought, but he knew that he was immensely sympathetic. He rejoiced at their faces, shining red and wrinkled with smiles. He was capable of heroism.

"His pipe irritated him by going out frequently. He was too busy in amiable conversations to attend to it. When he arose to go for a match he discovered that his legs were a trifle uncertain under him. They bended, and did not precisely obey his intent.

"At the table he lit a match, and then, in laughing at a joke made near him, forgot to apply it to the bowl of his pipe. He succeeded with the next match, after annoying trouble. He swayed so that the match would appear first on one side of the bowl and then on the other. At last he happily got it directly over the tobacco. He had burned his fingers. He inspected them, laughing vaguely."

The story in "George's Mother" is this youngster's progress along the primrose way, to headaches, fights, and the freedom of the streets. From first to last it goes with immense vigour and sympathy. But the story must be read for its power to be understood, quotation fails for the simple reason that it is bare story and nothing beyond. There are no purple passages, no decorations, no digressions.

In the suppression of the author's personality both these writers are as rigorous as the earlier Mr. George Gissing, and there these disciples of Tolstoi join hands with our inheritors of Turgenev. There is no "style," no "Charm"; from the standpoint of Mr. Le Gallienne such books as Mr. Crane's cannot be literature. There it is that these new novelists break most conspicuously from the tradition of the English succession of Fielding, Smollett, Sterne, Goldsmith, Jane Austen, Dickens, Thackeray, Mrs. Gaskell, and Mr. Meredith. Suppression of the author's personality means, among other things, a renunciation of satire, irony, laughter, and tears. One may doubt if any wide or enduring popular triumphs will reward the abstinence of this new school so long as it persists in the rigour of its method. Yet Falstaff shows that the charm of personality in a derivative form is still possible to a strictly dramatic method. It is well that in criticism the widening separation of novels into the severely descriptive on the one hand and the personal, the novel tinged with essay, on the other, should be clearly recognized. Practically they are already two distinct artistic forms. The great writers relying upon their own personality naturally do not establish schools, they merely engender a pest of imitators. If to-day there is a school of English writers in America following Tolstoi, and a school here representing Turgenev, and none to be ascribed to Dickens save such a weakling as Mr. James, and none to Mr. Meredith save a few thieves of the phrase, it lies in that consideration.

Apart from their distinctive qualities, English readers will welcome both these books as an indication of the growth of a real and independent critical method across the Atlantic, side by side and directing really original work. That emancipation from the hampering gentilities of the English scholar, one may remember—American readers perhaps stand in need of the reminder—was the dream of Poe.

HEGEL ON RELIGION.

"Lectures on the Philosophy of Religion, together with a Work on the Proofs of the Existence of God." By G. W. F. Hegel. Translated from the second edition, by the Rev. E. B. Speirs and the late Miss J. Burdon Sanderson. 3 vols. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, Trubner, & Co., Lim. 1896.

HERE is an auriferous country of almost untold capacity for such as will work in it. But let no covetous miner think that he can lightly saunter over its borders, and return with a hat full of nuggets, all of

nutmeg size. On the contrary, he will have to wash and puddle patiently, even when he has acquired science enough to be able to discern the rich quartz from the cheap limestone; and though it is true that in the thought of a very great master, upon a very great theme, there is gold and much gold and fine gold, it would be unfair not to daunt the feeblar digger by a word of warning. First, an outfit is required: a certain knowledge of Hegelian terms, such as may be found in Dr. Hutchison Stirling's "Secret of Hegel" and Professor Wallace's Introduction to the "Logic," for the editor of these stout volumes gives little enough help to the chance comer. In this it is impossible to praise him; and even the professional miner will feel annoyed because there are few indications in the translation of the catchwords used. Then the reader will be disappointed again if he thinks that Hegel sat down pen in hand and wrote the original. The notes of students, corrected by editors and re-corrected from the master's private notes, these form the first part; and this first part was translated by the late Miss Sanderson, and freely thumbed, thrust, patted, and polished by the editor; and other hands and heads have also been concerned in the work—Mr. Haldane, Q.C., with Miss Haldane and others. All these things mean to the digger that all is not Hegel which glitters, even if Hegel were himself compound of nothing but veracities. Yet for all this it would be ridiculous to leave great advantages because they are not to be obtained without sweat and risk.

Hegel was no dreamy aerial denizen of cloud-cuckoo-town, but a staunch upholder of clearly stated dogmas. He may be a "school man"; but he has none of the flabby subjectivity of the modern dullards whose theology is an exhortation to what poor Mr. Richard Le Gallienne calls "the essential spirit of Christianity," though the young gentleman can define none of these terms. On the contrary, Hegel calls the Incarnation a "speculative central point," and is scornfully intolerant of the "thinker" who would deny the Triune God to worship a barren abstract Unity. He cannot away with theologians who have no place for a theory of the Atonement. If the Resurrection and Ascension are denied by modern thinkers, it is because the deniers are grovelling "below the planes of Faith." There is no uncertainty when the Sacrament of Baptism is spoken of here. It is no harmless ecclesiastical pastime; and, if Hegel prefers the Lutheran to the Catholic doctrine of the Holy Communion, he states the former in terms which Catholics would choose, and puts the latter in phrases which Anglicans, at least, would repudiate.

But what most kindles the wrath of this philosopher is what he calls the historic school of theology. The contemptible persons of this persuasion know all about the doctrines of God, except the doctrines themselves. They are like vendors of pictures who can tell the age and date of the picture, when, where, to whom, and for how much it was sold, what frames it has been in, and how long it took to paint. But they have never seen the picture, and cannot show it or describe it. Yet these folk are the trusted guides of modern religion. They become our deans and our bishops, and prate of councils and canons and orthodoxies; but they only know round about the matter and not the matter which this is round about. "O unhappy age, which must content itself merely with being told that there is a God!" So speaks the prophet; and herein he is a prophet, and no withered critic, but one who has thought what the general heart of man knows, and who can interpret men to themselves and to one another. This prophet is not the spiteful iconoclast so dear to the peevish Nonconformist conscience, but a builder and constructor, and in the best sense a Conformist.

But our clergy are shy of Hegel, and hesitate to arm themselves with the weapons he would put into their hands. They are afraid lest they should be betrayed into Pantheism and the deification of dunghills. But this notion comes from the grossest ignorance of the philosopher's teachings. It is a position he has often repudiated, and repudiates here with no uncertain sound (i. 96, 97, 216, 217, &c.) With Spinoza, he says, and the Eleatic system in general, every thing passes into a unity "as into a kind of eternal night, while this unity is not characterized, as a principle

which moves itself to its manifestation, or produces it, 'as the unmoved which moves' according to the profound expression of Aristotle." If the fear of Pantheism were more than a pretext, it would be easy to dissipate it by a number of similar passages; but it is only a pretext. The great reason that our clergy are shy of Hegel is not that they fear Pantheism, but that they despair of philosophy, and this despair breeds in them a barren indolence of the mind. The modest assertion "I doubt whether I should understand Hegel" must be rather understood thus: "I doubt whether man, finite man, is capable of knowing anything at all about God, and therefore I am unwilling to travel in a desert, full of mirages; and, therefore, I will not set forth at all upon a hazardous journey for an uncertain issue." But objections of this calibre are weighed carefully and stated fairly and confuted triumphantly in the volumes before us. Moreover, the difficulties of Hegel's style have been greatly exaggerated. If the process is subtle, the results of his reasoning are sharply clear. "Without the world God is not God" is surely plain enough for any countryman's brain? Here is a passage which is worth quoting and cannot be misunderstood:—"We must get rid of this bugbear of the opposition of the finite and infinite. It is customary to frighten us out of the wish to know God, and to have a positive relation to Him, with the bugbear that to seek to take up any such attitude towards God is presumption, while the objections are brought forward with much unctuous and edifying language and with vexatious humility. This presumption, however, is undoubtedly an essential part of philosophy as well as of religion. From this point of view it is a matter of indifference whether I know through thought the content—namely, God—or accept it as true on authority, or with the heart, by inner enlightenment, or in any other way" (i. 200).

The second part of this book, the lectures on the Proofs of the Existence of God, contains work which demands special notice, because of its importance to the whole theological world. The culture of the day has come to regard any such proofs with impatience and scorn. Even theologians sometimes plead for the first article of the creed, as a matter for faith and sentiment alone. The thinker, especially if he has wassailed upon the rinsings of the Kantian philosophy, is prepared to disprove any such proofs in five minutes, and scientific speculation sniffs audibly at the mere mention of the subject. This despair, scorn, or inattention about a subject of no small importance, this refusal to yet consider it again, comes from a general belief that Kant dealt with all such matters and finally disposed of them. The sorrowful conclusions of the learned who have read the "Kritik of Pure Reason" (even in cribs) are communicated to those who have never heard of Kant's magnificent assaults. Oxford especially (which is the place whither good German philosophies go when they die) sends forth annual bands of men who are prepared to sneer to death all proofs of the existence of God; and thus a fashion is set up and maintained which is really disastrous to thought itself.

Now, these proofs were very inconvenient to Kant. If the horizon of knowledge is bounded by subjective perceptions, if we can never even hope to know a thing-in-itself, plainly we cannot know the most real existence; and if we do know the most real existence, God, plainly, too, our horizon is not limited by the circle which Kant drew for us so peremptorily. Now, Hegel saw that the Kantian thing in itself, the imaginary existence outside consciousness, was a mere figment of Kant's imagination, and that the most real existence was not outside consciousness at all, and consequently that to the scientific mind the proofs, which Kant was bound to demolish, might have a real value. He tracked Kant with all the keenness of a sleuth-hound through the mazes of all his wanderings, and it is on this ground that he sprang upon Kant and tore him to pieces. In these lectures we have a summary of the arguments used in the Encyclopædia, with such fatal effect, in Germany; but, alas! in England the relics of the demolished Kant work more wonders than ever the philosopher did while he was still whole and unrefuted. But to proceed to details. The *a priori* objections to such proofs are demolished by one search-

ing question :—"If thought cannot pass beyond the world of sense, would it not be necessary, on the other hand, to show how first of all it is conceivable that thought can enter the world of sense?" From this it is evident that the attack will come upon Kant not from the quarter which he expected, but from the side where he thought himself most secure. It is his view of the world of sense which is the weak place chosen. The method of attack is the same in each case, and the result should be most welcome to upholders of the historical Christian faith. Briefly to summarize the great battlefield is difficult and yet not quite useless, as a rough sketch. The first proof is the cosmological one. The world as we know it is admittedly dependent, relative and passing. If so, it is dependent upon something real, necessary and eternal, that is God. But, says Kant, you are going from what you know, a mere handful of phenomena, to what you do not know, and what, I assure you, is by its very nature non-related, and so impossible to bring into the relation of knowledge. Not so, replies Hegel. It is true that the knowledge got by this process is a thin and rather barren knowledge, but the proof holds, for Kant has failed to see that it is based upon the fact that there is a necessary element in the contingent, a Divine power in which the fleeting things of time and sense live and move and are, for even sense perceptions have a thought element. "The Being of the finite is not only its Being, but is also that of the Infinite," and when we say that the finite *is*, we mean it is merely a moment of the Infinite. The second proof is the Ontological, which Kant said was the old cosmological one in a new jacket, "wherein he was wrong." This is briefly that the idea of God implies His existence. Some things may be, some must. The things which may be are subject to accidents and possibilities of not being and the like. If God were not, our idea of God would exceed the reality, and so exceed it that we could get our idea from nothing real. Kant was indignant at reason building upon pure conceptions, and required that "reason should end where reasoning begins." But Hegel replies that with faith or immediate knowledge, Being and the pure Notion are one; and Kant's disproof implies the paralytic thesis that thought and Being are different things, and he thus divided Logic from Metaphysic. The third proof is the argument from design in the world to a Designer. This argument from *design* is not the argument from *designs*—i.e. the theory that the cork tree was given us for stopples, the asses' milk for invalids, and the bulldog's tilted nose that he may breathe while pinning the bull. It is the assertion of the thought that the world is a *κόσμος*, and there is a universal conformity to an end. So far from this implying a mere weak shift, or only at best pointing to a Demiurge, it implies the deeper conception of God as the "Universal life-force, the one universal life." Therefore, as usual, the scornful superior person thinks amiss, and the natural and spontaneous feelings of the multitude are justified in thought, by the severer science of thought: and Hegel has the last word with Kant.

EXPLORATION AND ADVENTURE.

"The Cruise of the 'Antarctic' to the South Polar Regions." By H. J. Bull. Edward Arnold. 1896.
 "The Karakoram and Kashmir." By Oscar Eckenstein. T. Fisher Unwin. 1896.

THE "Cruise of the 'Antarctic'" is none the less entertaining that it is an unbroken record of misfortune and disappointment. The results may best be described by negatives. The adventurers came back with no new discoveries; they did not find the whales of which they went in search, and they got small profit out of the seal-fishing which they hoped would remunerate them richly. Moreover, they had anything but an agreeable time, for they were long locked fast in dismal ice floes. In fact, they made a fatal mistake, which Mr. Bull frankly acknowledges. They sought to combine exploration with business, and the two are incompatible. The Arctic or Antarctic explorer has obstacles enough to surmount at the best, and must never miss a chance of pushing onward,

whereas the whaler or sealer must turn aside when there is spouting in open water or when he sights some island where the seals are supposed to have established a "rookery." No doubt Mr. Bull would have gladly gone in for exploration pure and simple, but he lacked the means. His original idea was to form an Australian syndicate, which might realize substantial dividends and incidentally gain geographical laurels. But the financial crash of 1892 knocked the scheme on the head. He was more fortunate when he returned to Europe to try his luck with his Norwegian countrymen. A grand old octogenarian, Commander Svend Foyn, rose eagerly to his fly at the first cast. But Captain Foyn's was the enthusiasm of a veteran whaler who had got a fortune by the audacity of his inventive genius, and his soul was set upon bone and blubber. Consequently the voyage of the "Antarctic" towards the Southern Pole was essentially a trading venture. The inducement was the reports of Sir James Ross that the blue or right whale abounded in those seas, and that it carried far more money in its huge bulk than any other species. Mr. Bull speaks of Commander Foyn in terms of cordial gratitude; but it strikes us that the Norwegian was pennywise. The vessel he furnished was a slow-sailing old sealing "waggon" of 226 tons; the solid timbers were sound, but the boilers, which had seen much service, were merely repaired. Besides, there was insufficient stowage for coal, and the cabin and sleeping accommodation was still more inadequate. The consequences might have been foreseen. The chiefs of the expedition appear to have been for ever quarrelling; the fuel had to be economized; the ship let the ice close upon her when she ought to have been pushing vigorously ahead; on one occasion she actually ran aground and had to pay heavily for salvage, and even on the solitary occasion when they made a good catch of seals, the skins were spoiled by careless storage. As for the whaling, the less said of that the better. Any stray captures were effected by luck rather than skill. Mr. Bull speaks of the intense excitement of having £600 or so at the end of your lines. Necessarily the disgust is proportionate when the whale breaks away, as was generally the case. The boats were manned apparently by muffs, who were all abroad with the guns and bombs, nor could they even handle the harpoons dexterously. They did better with the seals, when they found them, for the slaughter of those unsophisticated innocents was sheer butchery. The apathetic herds of Proteus never shuffled for safety to the sea, but each waited till his own turn came to be lanced or bludgeoned. The chief trouble was the difficulty of transport over the ice, so when a phoca was found at some distance from the boats he was driven down to the beach, and, though the phlegmatic animal was slow to move, he offered no resistance. The seal that got the better of Hector McIntyre on the beach near Monkbarns must have been a very different kind of customer. It was remarkable that many of the males were deeply scarred, which Mr. Bull attributes, not to internecine combat, though they are known to fight fiercely, but to attacks of the grampuses and ground sharks which swarm in those waters. It was the very irony of fate, that, returning with almost a clean ship after having gone some three thousand miles to their fishing-grounds, they came upon a school of sperm whales, and did considerable execution, when within sight of Tasmania, whence they had sailed on the cruise. All they learned, on what was virtually a wild-goose chase, was that Antarctic whaling can be carried on in winter as well as in summer, and to that conclusion they might have come without the cost of fitting out the expedition. But their misadventures, as we said, have an interest of their own, which might have been wanting had the cruise been entirely prosperous: and the book is enlivened by effective descriptions of the fantastic freaks of Nature in the lonely realms of the Ice-king. The sublime scenery of Kerguelen Land, well named by its discoverer the Islands of Desolation, must be especially imposing.

Mr. Eckenstein accompanied Sir W. M. Conway on his explorations in the Karakoram, and he acknowledges that he had purposely abstained from reading the volumes published by his companions in Himalayan adventure. Had he read them, it is probable he would

have hesitated in giving his own journals to the world ; for what interest they might otherwise have had has been anticipated. So far, however, he disarms criticism, that he disavows any pretensions to literary skill, and if there is attraction of a kind in these rough notes, it is that they are printed very much as they were originally scribbled. But if he did not care to revise, he might at least have excised. We could well have dispensed, for example, with the familiar description of the arrangements in an Indian bungalow, and of the aggressive methods of business of the pushing shopkeepers of Kashmir. When he gets away into the wild highlands, among the snow peaks and glacier-covered passes, the narrative is lively enough, though there is a certain air of self-assurance which is decidedly displeasing. He swaggers over the superior sureness of his footing on the rope bridges which the weaker members of the party made détours to avoid ; he prides himself on going unattached with the coolies over ice slopes and awkward crevasses, when Conway, true to his careful Alpine training, more prudently had recourse to the conventional rope. But though, like Mr. Bull, he pleads guilty to frequent differences with his companions—from whom, by the way, he ultimately separated—Mr. Eckenstein seems, nevertheless, to be a good fellow. He got on excellently with all the natives, from the chiefs, who entertained him hospitably, to the porters who carried his traps. He did severe work for days on starvation fare, and he makes us heartily sympathize with his Homeric efforts to make up for lost time, when, descending at last on a valley of abundance, he gorged himself with mutton and eggs. If he accomplished little in the way of new mountaineering, even when travelling on his own account, the passes he crossed were high and perilous, and he not only faced a fair amount of hardship and danger, but had one really marvellous escape when a pent-up torrent, bursting an ice-barrier, nearly swept him away, when seated quietly at luncheon. The most useful part of the little volume is the appendix, which gives minute details as to routes and distances measured by time.

HISTORICAL MANUSCRIPTS COMMISSION.

"Historical Manuscripts Commission. Vol. XIV. The Belvoir Papers." By Maxwell Lyte. London : Eyre & Spottiswoode. 1896.

THE enormous store of archives which the Duke of Rutland possesses at Belvoir Castle still continues to afford material for new volumes of the "Reports of the Historical Manuscripts Commission." It will be remembered that the first stratum of documents unearthed there contained unknown letters of Warwick the Kingmaker and his contemporaries. The last part, now just put into print by Mr. Maxwell Lyte, relates to a very different period, being the correspondence of Charles, the fourth Duke, who is mainly remembered as William Pitt's Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, from 1784 to 1787. Four-fifths of the volume consist of the Duke's private and official papers sent and received during these four years. The remaining eighty pages are occupied by his letters of 1774-1784.

Among these earlier documents are several interesting pieces bearing on the naval and military details of the American War. An anonymous correspondent sent a very full account of the battle of Bunker's Hill, which he had witnessed from a battery on the sea front of Boston. He gives high praise to the steadiness with which the rebels defended their entrenchments, and sums up the affair with "We have got a little elbow-room, but have paid too dearly for it." It is noteworthy to learn that observers on the spot, even so early as 1775, saw that the matter was so serious that it could not be dealt with, unless every dispensable British soldier, "and perhaps 20,000 or 30,000 hired foreign troops," were promptly sent out. We find a long series of letters from Lord Robert Manners, the Duke's naval brother, whose monument in Westminster Abbey is one of the best known examples of the florid classical style of the later eighteenth century. Even the contemporary eye could see (p. 289) that there was too much of Neptune and Triton in the huge design by Nollekens, while the gallant captain's bust was not well seen when

placed fifteen feet above the spectator's point of view. Lord Robert's letters cover his experiences in the important naval campaign of Rodney and De Grasse on the American coasts, and end with one written two days after the battle of Dominica, which terminates with the cheerful postscript—"I am as well as a man can be with one leg off, one wounded, and a right arm broke. The doctor who is sitting by me at present says there are every hopes of a recovery." But lock-jaw set in, and the sufferer died nine days later. His brother placed his last letter in a separate cover, and put it carefully aside.

On other pages dealing with the last years of Lord North's unhappy Ministry, the reader will find an eyewitness's account of Paul Jones's capture of the "Countess of Scarborough" and her consort off Flamborough Head, a description of the Gordon Riots by two separate informants, and the details of an enormous election bill for Cambridgeshire, in which the Duke seems to have thought that he got off quite lightly in having to pay no more than between £12,000 and £13,000.

There is much depressing reading in the larger part of the volume which contains the correspondence of the Duke as Lord-Lieutenant. He hated the work himself, and describes his subjects in the following sweeping terms :—"Here everything is a job and abused ; with a few exceptions, from the highest to the lowest, the whole people are an interested, selfish, savage race of harpies and plunderers." The matter of patronage seems to have given him the most trouble : when we read the numberless letters from candidates for peerages, and the Duke's comments on them, we are not surprised at the efficient use which Castlereagh was able to make of titles as bribes fifteen years later. The number of suitors was a public jest, and a Mr. Hobart sends the Lord-Lieutenant an amusing parody of the usual contents of their epistles, in the form of an application in behalf of his aged father for a barony, viscounty, earldom, and the Knighthood of St. Patrick, to be "a cordial to the drooping spirits of an aged parent."

At the commencement of the Duke's administration the disloyalty of the Volunteers was still the main cause of apprehension, and the doings of the restless Bishop of Derry and of Sir E. Newenham caused much disquiet to the authorities. It is evident that the Government caused the letters of the last-named to be opened and copied in the Post Office. It is a curious commentary on the manners of the last century to find the transcripts endorsed by the postmaster with dockets such as "True copy of a letter put into this office on Saturday night, the 3rd instant, and directed A Mons. W. A. Miles, Liège." But by the end of the Duke's tenure of office the Whiteboys had grown to be a much more lively source of disquiet than the Volunteers, and Catholic discontent was more threatening than Protestant disloyalty. "It is one of the blessed results of Volunteering," writes the Lord-Lieutenant, "that the whole country, Protestant and Papist indiscriminately, are possessed of arms, which they employ to the most criminal and illegal purposes." We find the truth of this statement borne out not merely by Whiteboy outrages, but by desperate smuggling affrays, in which the troops had to be called in—not always with success—and by isolated murders attended by circumstances of special brutality. Most strange and repulsive among these last are the doings of George Robert Fitzgerald, a mad squire of good family who wreaked his wrath on his neighbours by "a meditated system of blood and general assassination such as would not have disgraced the savage machinations of a Nero," to employ the Duke's sounding phrase. He was duly hanged in 1787, after having kept a whole county in terror for many months at the head of his "bravos and banditti" (p. 422).

Among the Duke's most frequent correspondents are his members in the English House of Commons, apparently a set of very impecunious and unscrupulous gentlemen, each, in American parlance, "with his own axe to grind," a collectorship to sigh for, or the capital of a Faro bank to beg for. Their tales of each other's improvidence and misery are so astonishing as to be barely credible. Daniel Pulteney, M.P. for Bramber, reports that he found George Sutton, M.P. for

Grantham, "with only half a coat, and lying in bed for three days on nothing but porter and salad, as nearly starved as a man could be" just before the opening of Parliament. Is this the jealousy of a rival toady of the Duke, or a mere case of humorous exaggeration? Whichever was the case, we are well rid of the eighteenth-century nominee-member.

THE INDIAN MUTINY.

"With the 9th Lancers during the Indian Mutiny. The Letters of Brevet-Major O. H. S. G. Anson." Edited by his son, Harcourt S. Anson. London: W. H. Allen & Co. 1896.

THE little book before us is a collection of the letters of an officer addressed to his wife during the time that he was on active service fighting the mutineers in the great crisis of 1857. At the time he wrote them he had already been for twenty years in India, had fought at Punniar, Sobraon, Goojerat, and Chilianwallah, and was therefore a man whose criticisms and opinions were well worth listening to. There were ugly facts connected with the conduct of the Mutiny Campaign of which it does us no harm once more to be reminded, and just as many of the reminiscences of the hardships and trials of the Crimean War are valuable as teaching us how not to do it, so letters and scraps of personal experiences such as these pages supply are not without their importance even to those who aspire to the higher realms of military history. We are told that their editor has been careful to avoid printing anything which might give offence to individuals, or might be regarded as unwarranted criticism, and certainly there is nothing which is likely to arouse bitterness or controversy to be found in them. The question to our mind is rather whether the pruning knife might not more freely have been used, and some of the passages, which, however much they must have delighted the writer's wife and family, can hardly be said to be of public interest, had not better have been omitted. Major Anson appears to have been a most religiously minded man, and one of particularly refined feelings. His letters breathe a temper and spirit eminently Christian and admirable; but, after all, his moralizings are scarcely of such a quality as to justify their being given to the world, and the privacy of the domestic hearth might with advantage have been more respected. Small details of the amount of mess bills and advice as to household management are not of importance to any but the persons immediately concerned, and add nothing to the interest of the book. Such tittle-tattle is only allowable when the biographies of men of whom the world can hardly ever hear too much are written; where celebrities of the very first magnitude are not concerned they had better be omitted. Those, however, who forage in the byways of history will find many details which will aid them in larger studies amongst memoirs such as these. They were written on the spot, we see them just as they were struck off hot with first impressions of men and events concerning which countless volumes have since been written. Sidelights and gleams of information are often thus let in on controversy, and they are therefore not to be despised, even though the pen which threw them off was not that of a Moltke or a Napier. "We have taken up a splendid position on Hindoo Raos Hill for bombarding Delhi, and hope to be in it in less than a week." Those words were written on the 9th of June, 1857, and Delhi held out for more than three months afterwards. We are reminded of similar sanguine estimates jotted down in the first flush of success after the Alma, and of how our men had to tarry for two long years before Sebastopol. "The poor Carabineers look dreadfully heavy and oppressed in their blue clothing and overalls. They envy us much our comfortable white clothing," is another passage which reminds us that we did not formerly study common sense in dressing our men for war in hot climates any more than in cold, and suggests reflections as to whether we have even yet as entirely consulted the soldier's comfort and health in the matter of uniform as we might. Nor can it do otherwise than benefit our officers and men of to-day

to read the story told in simple, natural language by one on the spot of all that Englishmen (and women too, for the matter of that) endured in that hot weather of '57, of the sacrifices they were called on to undergo, of the courage, patience, and fortitude which they exhibited. Here and there we get glimpses of Hodson, Nicholson, Tombs, Showers, and other men whose names were once household words, and who are not, let us hope, wholly forgotten yet. We hear of Sir John and Sir Henry Lawrence, and contemporary opinion of Havelock, and of Sir Colin Campbell; while there is a staff officer called Roberts continually flitting about, whose name has become one of the most familiar to us. And thus many will over these letters while away an afternoon, both pleasantly and with the profit which we seldom fail to derive from a record of life in earnest.

MR. BARLOW IN THE BOARD SCHOOL.

"Murché's Science Readers." Books I. to VI. London: Macmillan. 1896.
"Murché's Domestic Science Readers." Books I. and III. London: Macmillan. 1896.

SOME year or so ago Mr. Murché, a Board School teacher patronized by Mr. Acland, produced a very well arranged series of object lessons. Unfortunately the success of this book has encouraged him to degenerate, and his Science Readers are a really detestable exhibition of the peculiar defects of this type of educationalist—his exaggerated self-importance, his stress upon terminology, his incapacity to understand child life outside his influence. He presents "Fred and his cousin Willy," who "were two smart boys in the same class at school. They were only little boys; but they were fond of their school and of their lessons."

"They used to play at school in the evening with Fred's little sister Norah."

"Their teacher was giving the class jolly lessons on some of the common things around them." (Indisputably the course already alluded to.)

"These were not at all like the other lessons of the day. Teacher gave them to the class as a treat. The boys soon began to look forward to them as the best of all their lessons."

"Norah, too, liked to hear all about them from the boys. It was great fun to sit round the fire in the evening and chat over the lessons of the day."

And so on. It is just the Tract style in the interest of a book of object lessons instead of sectarian religion. The first reading lesson concludes with:—

"'Now, Norah,' said both boys at once, 'you must try not to forget the proper name for all these things. Teacher tells us to call them liquids.'"

"'Liquids flow about, break up into drops, take the shape of the vessel which holds them, and cannot stand in a heap, but always keep a level surface.'"

Turning to Mr. Murché's corresponding object lessons, we find his first concludes with almost the same words, and so onward. Conceive the full barbarity of it! First the object lesson and then the reading lesson glorifying and repeating its solemn conclusion to the pitch of boredom. And conceive the admirable Mr. Murché first giving these "jolly lessons," then writing them down, and then setting out to exhibit them as they appear in all their glory to the more offensive type of good little boy. In the further standard volume of this series of "Readers," to employ the Board School teacher's slang, these little monstrosities disgorge solid lumps of Mr. Murché's previous work. This kind of thing:—

"'Are you coming with me, boys?' asked Mr. Wilson, as he passed out of the playground gate, and in a moment Fred and Willie were trudging along by his side."

"'Well,' said he, 'what do you think of the force of cohesion now?'"

"'I can see, sir,' said Fred, 'that it has more to do with solid bodies and their properties than I thought it had. In our early lessons we learned something about the properties of bodies. We are now able to say not only that a body has certain properties, but to tell the reason why it has these properties. If I were to scratch a piece of lead, for instance, with an iron nail, a boy in one of the lower classes might say that I was able to do

it because the iron is harder than the lead. So it is ; but he would not be able to say why the iron is harder than the lead.

"We can now tell this from the force of cohesion. When the force of cohesion in a solid is great, the molecules are held very closely together and the body is hard. When there is little cohesion, the molecules are more loosely held together, and the body is soft. It is because the particles of the soft body are held loosely that a hard substance is able to force them aside, as it does when it scratches them."

These books are quite without the relief Tommy Barlow affords in the original classic ; they are without a solitary touch of characterization ; in short, they are as incomparably inferior to "Sandford and Merton" as "Sandford and Merton" is inferior to the stories of, say, Mrs. Ewing. There is no earthly reason why such real literature as Mrs. Ewing's tales should not be read for the reading lesson instead of such pretentious rubbish as this, except that the Board School teacher is usually too illiterate to have heard of her. We can only express our profound sympathy with the wretched children who will be fed on this scientific sawdust.

Mr. Murché modestly abstains from writing a preface to most of these volumes, and it is done for him by Mrs. Burgwin, a fellow-teacher, in a vein of quite excessive admiration. Altogether, these little volumes make a very sad spectacle to a contemplative reviewer !

LAWS AGAINST ROGUERY.

"The Law of Gambling." By Ward Coldridge and Cyril V. Hawksford, Barristers-at-Law. London : Reeves & Turner. 1896.

"The Law of Bills of Sale." By James Weir, Barrister-at-Law. London : Jordan & Sons. 1896.

THE desire to gamble and the desire to borrow money being the two elementary passions which are at once the most universal and the most apt to give rogues an advantage over honest men, lawyers and law-makers have long been kept busy framing schemes for the protection of the pigeons from the hawks. The advocates of *laissez faire* will probably on the whole derive consolation from the fact that the net result of all these well-meant efforts seems to have been to leave the law more complicated and obscure with each attempt at reform. Read *v. Anderson* was driven like a coach-and-four through the main section of the Gaming and Wagering Act of 1845, and so the Gaming Law Amendment Act of 1892 had to be passed to set it on its feet again, with what success it is not safe to predict. All that we can be sure of at present is that no lawyer or layman could say off hand what is and what is not illegal gaming or wagering. The story of legislation on Bills of Sale has much the same moral, the attempts of the legislator to hold the balance even between the unscrupulous money-lender and the fraudulent borrower not having been an unqualified success. No sooner, for example, has the Bills of Sale Act of 1878 been passed to protect creditors against frauds by secret Bills of Sale of personal chattels, than it becomes necessary to pass the "Bills of Sale Act Amendment Act" of 1882, to protect needy persons from the enforcement by their creditors of harsh and unreasonable provisions of documents which they are unable to comprehend. This last Act had to be amended by the Act of 1890, which in its turn was again amended by the Act of 1891. And so the struggle goes on, the rogue generally getting the best of it in the end as at the beginning.

We have here the two latest books intended to summarize and expound the present state of the law on these knotty questions. Messrs. Coldridge and Hawksford cover the whole subject of speculating, gaming, and wagering, and their book is a complete and handy abstract of the cases and statutes, from such early ones as that arising from the wager concerning the sex of "Mons. Le Chevallier d'Eon" (*Da Costa v. Jones*), to the very recent Carbolite Smoke Ball case, and *Strachan v. The Universal Stock Exchange*, in Civil Law, and the Albert Club case in Criminal Law. From the point of view of legal history it is to be noted that while the modern legislator attempts to prohibit gambling in the interest of public morals, the law in the time of the Tudors left morals

to look after themselves, and tried to suppress various games because they interfered with archery, England's great wall of defence against her foes. The "Act for the Maintenance of Artillery and debarring unlawful games," passed in 1541, for instance, recited that archery and good shooting were being grievously injured, and that people "all over the kingdom," undeterred by a law passed thirty years before, had "discovered many and sundry new and crafty games and plays, such as logitinge in the field and styde-thryfe, otherwise called shove-grote," with the result that archery was sore decayed, and was likely to become more so still, and that bowyers and fletchers were leaving the kingdom and teaching their trade to foreigners. It is a long step from this to the efforts of the Anti-Gambling League and its prosecution of the Jockey Club, but the legislation is continuous, and the Act of Henry VIII. may to-day be cited in our courts alongside those of Victoria. Gaming at Common Law has a chapter to itself, and the Act of 1892 is fully discussed in Chapter IX. For the general public perhaps the most interesting chapter is that given over to speculation on the Stock Exchange, in which those who dabble in that dangerous form of amusement will learn all about bulls and bears, settling day, future dividends, contango and backwardation, options, calls, and puts. If the law is not clear it is not the fault of our authors, who have brought together all the learning on the subject and arranged it in the clearest manner.

Mr. Weir's book on Bills of Sale is an altogether more ambitious attempt at legal exposition. The subject is modern, but it has given rise to more litigation in proportion to the bulk of the few statutes dealing with it, from 1854 to 1891, than perhaps any other department of law. The fact that over eleven hundred cases are cited, many of them being discussed at length, will give some idea of the magnitude of Mr. Weir's undertaking, especially as his is no mere running commentary on accepted law, but a careful analysis of the basis of the various judgments, with which at times he does not hesitate to disagree. This is notably so with regard to the leading case of *Green v. Marsh*, in which the Court of Appeal held that Section 3 of the Act of 1882 applied to instruments "deemed to be Bills of Sale," under Sections 5 and 6 of the Act of 1878. Mr. Weir argues and, we venture to think, successfully, that this is a misconstruction of the clause, which properly applies only to "Bills of Sale" under Section 4 of the Act. The body of the work, somewhat oddly called the General Introduction, consists of ten chapters, which in reality exhaustively cover the whole ground, the remainder of the book consisting of the text of the statutes, with notes. A point of growing interest both to the profession and the public is that relating to Hire-Purchase Agreements, which in some cases come within the definition of Bills of Sale, and are dealt with accordingly in connexion with Real and Fictitious Transactions, in Chapter III. Altogether we regard this as one of the best law-books of recent years. Not merely does it seem destined to take its place with practitioners as the leading authority on the subject, but it is a contribution of real and permanent value to legal literature.

DEUTERONOMY.

"Deuteronomy: the International Critical Commentary." By the Rev. S. R. Driver, D.D. Edinburgh : T. & T. Clark. 1896.

FATHER FABER, of the London Oratory, has, somewhere, a glowing passage describing the important part which has been played in moulding the national culture and mental habits by the English Bible. No competent observer is likely to dispute it ; but, at the same time, he would probably be the first to declare that the full benefit of the Bible has not been enjoyed by most of us, for the simple reason that we have not used it intelligently. Theologians, both Catholic and Protestant, have always tended to treat it as a book of infallible sentences ; and now that it is becoming increasingly clear that it cannot be that, and makes no claim to be that, from one quarter come shouts of triumph, from another wails of dismay, as though all

its value were gone; and the ordinary man is bewildered and perplexed. We all know that criticism has been, and still is, at work upon the Bible, and we have vague notions that many traditions can no longer hold their ground; but to many of us German and Hebrew are alike unintelligible, and we feel the want of an English critical commentary which will make it clear what results have been reached. The ordinary reader is not greatly interested in the Jahvist and the Elohist or the Priestly Redactor, but he does greatly want to know if what has been to him and his forefathers a unique and most inspiring literature is now proved to be scarcely trustworthy, or even largely a collection of forgeries. The admirable series which Messrs. Clark are bringing out at least puts the key of knowledge within our hands: the names of the scholars who are engaged upon it are a guarantee of their fitness "to supply," in Dr. Driver's words, "the English reader with a commentary which may be abreast of the best scholarship and knowledge of the day." Certainly, this volume of the series is thoroughly well done. No one can read Deuteronomy without feeling in some degree the magnificence of the author's view of his people's vocation, the noble humanity of the book, the splendour of the style: but we shall be much surprised if Dr. Driver's introduction does not help him to appreciate these things tenfold.

It is hardly necessary to say that the Regius Professor of Hebrew accepts the critical view, according to which Deuteronomy is the work of an unknown writer of the seventh century B.C., designed to impress upon Israel, in peril of falling away completely into idolatry, that it is a holy nation, called out of all nations to be a witness of God, who loves men, and brings them out of slavery. Only by recognizing this relation to God can the national life and prosperity be preserved: as Dr. Driver puts it, "Religion" (perhaps it had been better to say "theology") "becomes the real ground of all moral and social order." To enforce this great truth, the writer "selected such laws as he deemed it most important for his people to observe; he presented them in a popular dress, and he so combined them with homiletic introductions and comments as to make them the vehicle of a powerful appeal in the interests of spiritual religion." To say this may seem to some to admit that the writer is no more than a forger, who shelters himself under the authority of Moses's name to win acceptance for his own ideas. With this objection Dr. Driver deals at length, and, to our mind, completely and satisfactorily—to quote him once more: "the writer's aim was to win obedience to laws or truths, which were already known, but were in danger of being forgotten." But we are tempted to go on quoting indefinitely; whereas our desire is to send people to the book itself. We make no doubt they will be interested, and, even if they dissent from the conclusions which Dr. Driver supports, will gratefully acknowledge the admirable temper of moderation and candour in which he states them, and allow that he has helped them to read their Bible with more intelligence and freshness, and venerate it more profoundly than before; while at the same time they will gladly recognize that deep reverence and religious feeling and insight and appreciation of the inspired worth of the sacred Scriptures can go along with complete critical equipment, and uncompromising presentment of what the writer believes to be the truth.

FICTION.

"Life in Arcadia." By J. S. Fletcher. Illustrated by Patten Wilson. London: The Arcady Library. John Lane. 1896.

MR. FLETCHER is that unwise man who does not know his limitations. He leads off with a poem, in rapid and tuneless mimicry of Walt Whitman. His first story—if one can call these things stories—would faint be eighteenth century, but it suggests "John Bunce" more readily than Steele. And in it Mr. Fletcher, who constantly drops into verse, has the inconceivable rashness to quote Carew's great lyric, "Ask me no more where Jove bestows." There is a comparison to challenge! The second piece has also

the misfortune to recall similar and better things, and the third is one of those sweet pretty dialogues of man and beasts. "It's rather taking, I must say," observed the owl; "I say, is there very much more of it?" Even Mr. Kipling can scarcely make this sort of thing attractive. But when we have surmounted this "third wave" we come on Mr. Fletcher's true manner, and all goes easily. The reviewer begins to perceive that here is another of that great and increasing host who can write almost well. Indeed, these simple little studies of peasant folk and their ways have all the qualities for a success if only they happened to be Scotch.

This Arcadia (as we gather from a dedication) lies somewhere about Lord Crewe's demesne, and Mr. Fletcher really manages to make Yorkshire Arcadian. Nothing ugly happens in his pages, comedy is not very comic, tragedy never takes you by the throat. We prefer, indeed, the Arcady of poets, the Arcady of Marlowe's invitation, the pastoral masquerade, when shepherdesses wear

"A belt of straw and ivy buds

With coral clasps and amber studs";

or the delightful Arcadia of George Sand's "Diable aux Champs," where the colony of artists play at simplicity among native-born Arcadians. But Mr. Fletcher's Arcadia is a pleasant convention too. The best of his compositions are a sort of prose equivalent for Bewick's tail-pieces:—

"I rose and looked over his shoulder. A little way along the street stood the man who had come down in the world. He leaned on his stick and gazed steadily at a fine old farmhouse surrounded by a well-stocked orchard.

"That," whispered the landlord, 'is where he used to live i' better days.'"

"Gazed steadily" is commonplace enough. Yet the thing is seen. Mr. Fletcher describes scenes rather than passions; he renders his subjects to the eye rather than to the mind.

This book is elaborately got-up, and contains indifferent drawings very ill reproduced. As a piece of decorative work nothing could be much worse than the illustration on p. 138. The cover is prettily designed, however.

"Out of Bounds." By A. Garry. London: Hutchinson & Co. 1896.

"Trapped by Avarice." By Helena Grimshawe. London: Digby, Long, & Co. 1896.

"In Homespun." By E. Nesbit. London: John Lane. 1896.

"Doris and I." By John Stafford. London: Chatto & Windus. 1896.

"Out of Bounds" is one of the "Zeit-Geist Library," and a very brightly written contribution to it. It opens capitally with the sudden revolt of the model young man from his oppressively creditable antecedents and irreproachable fiancée, and the scene where he joins in the riot of the village fair and dances with the sturdy Arabella is exceedingly effective and well described. The writing weakens towards the end, and the plot is a little slipshod, if undeniably clever.

"Trapped by Avarice" is pathetically feeble. It appeals to the chivalry latent in the reviewer, and shall be left, uncriticized, to perish of its own debility.

"In Homespun" is a stringing together of a few very tolerable magazine stories. They deal with people who wear homespun, as the title suggests, but appear to us somewhat superficial, regarded as serious studies of the country poor. The trail of the journalist is over them all. Nevertheless, they are fairly good reading, and sometimes humorous in a mildly pleasing fashion.

"Doris and I" is also a collection of short stories. They are chiefly of a gently sentimental order, where each character speaks fervently of every other. An old gamekeeper, for instance, is made to say: "Her eyes had that old look in them as when her spirit and nature's had used to join hands for awhile." Spasmodic introductions of faulty grammar and pronunciation asseverate that this is the language of a gamekeeper, "such by birth," but we know better. It is the language of the story-writer of a certain class; and that class includes the author of "Doris and I."

SOME CLASSICAL BOOKS.

"The Worship of the Romans viewed in Relation to the Roman Temperament." By Frank Granger, D.Lit., Professor in University College, Nottingham. London: Methuen & Co. 1896.

MR. GRANGER has raised an unfair prejudice against his book by giving it a pompous title and by introducing it with a number of stale and sterile generalities about the Roman spirit. It leads us to expect we are going to be put off with a series of "reflective" essays, all moralizing and no meat. But he has the sense to confine this aspect of his work to the first twenty-seven pages, and we advise his readers to begin at the twenty-eighth. Here he enters on a systematic and interesting account of the place occupied by dreams and apparitions in Roman folklore, illustrated by well-selected examples and quotations. He follows the same plan in the other chapters dealing with such attractive topics as Nature Worship, Magic, Divination and Prophecy, and Sacrifice. Although he has read all round his subject we are not greatly impressed with his parallel instances from the customs and traditions of other peoples; but this is the sort of thing to which we must submit now that the catchwords picked up from great theorists have induced a universal worship of the Comparative Method. So long as he sticks to his proper text, Mr. Granger, though he is not and does not pretend to be exhaustive, is at least trustworthy. And he writes well—lucidly, that is, and forcibly. The result is that a book which might easily have been made tedious is decidedly interesting. A brief quotation will give a fair idea of Mr. Granger's method. He is arguing that the faith in portents was real and general. He cites the passage in which Cicero declares that men of science like Thales or Anaxagoras would not have believed the reports about showers of blood and sweating statues. "Mice," the polished sceptic goes on, "nibbled the shields at Lanuvium before the Marsic war. As if it mattered whether the mice, that are always gnawing something night and day, nibbled shields or sieves. They have been at my copy of Plato's 'Republic' lately. Am I, therefore, to alarm myself about politics?" On this Mr. Granger remarks that, "if we wish for some one to represent the general opinion, it would be safer to take Livy than Cicero." At the end of the Republic it seemed, indeed, that the spread of Greek thought among the Romans was freeing them from the burden of these superstitious fears. But this is an illusion created by literature. The great writers of Rome, like those of Athens, were in imperfect sympathy with their contemporaries. They were admired without being understood altogether, and where they were understood did not always command assent. The individual could not be explained altogether from the conditions of his time, and—what is, perhaps, more important here—the time could not be interpreted through any single writer, or, indeed, group of writers; least of all through those of the greatest eminence. They conduct us too far from the general level of thought and action. When the decadence, as it is called, had set in, we fell under the guidance of men closer to the common temperament. There is a continuous record of wonders, extending past Cicero into the Middle Empire. "When Apuleius declared in the second century that he accounted nothing impossible, we hear in him the voice of the same belief as that which inspired the earliest records." Not recondite or epoch-making all this, but sound and shrewd. But the chief merit of the book is that it gives a clear and reasonably complete account of the primitive—the only indigenous—elements of the composite religion to which we are introduced by writers of the classical period—elements which a student might almost have ignored a generation ago, and yet be accounted a pretty fair scholar.

"Rome and Pompeii: Archaeological Rambles." By Gaston Boissier, of the French Academy. Translated by D. Havellock Fisher. With Maps and Plans. London: T. Fisher Unwin. 1896.

Mr. Fisher does not pretend to be more than a translator of M. Gaston Boissier's well-known work on Rome and Pompeii. He has made no attempt to bring up to date in respect of archaeological research a book which was published fifteen or sixteen years ago. But he may honestly be congratulated on the version he has produced; it is fluent, correct, and with remarkably few traces of the French idiom. Here and there we come on an awkwardness of expression (e.g. p. 36, "This State, so severely kept, where all the classes of society are so well subordinated one with the other, is not, however, a despotic State"), and once or twice upon what may either be printer's mistakes or indications that the translator is not quite at home in his classics. But what a wonderful book this "Archaeological Rambles" is. How lucid, how suggestive, and—we had almost written—how shallow! But that would be unfair. Let us say, rather, that the Professor allows his erudition to sit lightly upon him. A more attractive book to a beginner in classical archaeology it would be impossible to turn out, and we hope, now that it has been competently reproduced in English, it may enjoy

a wide circulation. To read it is almost as good as going to the places described in the company of a talkative, well-informed scholar, and it has this advantage over that rather exhausting means of self-improvement, that when it becomes tedious it can be stopped. The author answers, without being asked, just the questions which would be put by an intelligent companion. At the Forum, for instance, he remarks that it would have been impossible for a Demosthenes or a Cicero to deliver his orations in the Place de la Concorde. Ancient Republics, he tells us, were in a great dilemma when constructing their public places. They had to make them large enough to contain a whole people; yet not so large that a speaker's voice would be lost. The topographical conditions of the Roman Forum were, no doubt, remarkably favourable to its acoustic qualities, but they had to be assisted by art. The orators were obliged to acquire a particular way of emitting the voice, and to accompany it with an expressive pantomime—hence the importance of rhythm and gesture in ancient eloquence. None of M. Boissier's chapters are more interesting than the one on the Catacombs, which he concludes with a rhetorical lament that too little confidence has been placed in the "Lives of the Saints" and the "Acts of the Martyrs." He cannot understand the "animosity" with which eighteenth-century critics sought to minimise the persecutions. "Voltaire, in treating the martyrs as enemies, did not perceive that he struck at allies. The men whom he pursued with his implacable railleries defended tolerance like himself. They proclaimed, like him, the independence of the soul. 'Come, tormentor,' Prudentius makes a Christian girl say, 'burn and tear. Divide the members formed of dust. 'Tis easy for thee to destroy this frail assemblage. As for my soul, in spite of all my tortures, thou shalt not reach it.' And indeed they did not reach it. Executions were useless, and Christianity gave the world the most moral of all spectacles—that of the powerlessness of force." The method, if one may apply so formal a term to so apparently spontaneous a process, pursued by M. Gaston Boissier is exemplified in his account of Hadrian's Villa. His description of the remains and of the original structure is subordinated to his views and speculations on the composite character of the man who built it. This leads him to mention the Emperor's love of travelling (it was, he said, the nature of celestial bodies to be always in motion), and this again suggests the facilities for locomotion enjoyed by ordinary persons. A visit to Ostia introduces a talk about the plans adopted for provisioning Rome—a task which no Emperor dared to neglect: "The Roman people, so submissive, so complaisant, and so ready to flatter all the caprices of its masters, now only showed energy when it feared to see its ration of wheat curtailed." In the account of Pompeii the author sets himself, as far as possible, to supplement what was ignored by the literary men of the capital, the daily life of men and women in the country towns. Pliny and Tacitus used to praise the decent and frugal existence in the Italian *municipia*, "as though Rome were the rendezvous of all the vices, and virtue began just beyond the walls of Servius." That estimate, we are reminded, is not borne out by the extant remains of Pompeii.

"Socrates and Athenian Society in his Day." A Biographical Sketch. By A. D. Godley, M.A., Fellow of Magdalen College, Oxford. Seeley & Co. 1896.

Mr. Godley's monograph on Socrates is not addressed to classical scholars or professed Platonists, although his attainments will justify him, when he chooses, in making an appeal to that limited audience. The present work is intended for "the large and increasing class who do not wish to be debarred altogether from an acquaintance with Greek literature by their ignorance of the Greek language." It is, no doubt, a meritorious and a bookbuying *clientèle*, and we may confidently recommend them to patronize Mr. Godley's volume. But we hope that the success he deserves will not lead him into the paths of the manual-maker, since he is fit for better things. His object has been to present a popular picture of Socrates the Man and of Socrates the Philosopher, and leave out all that is not easily intelligible. We hear next to nothing of the metaphysical doctrines and discussions fathered upon him by Plato; we are confronted only with the moralist, the teacher, and the public character. It cannot be said that Mr. Godley explains how it came about that one who never identified himself with any Party or Cause in Athens, nevertheless contrived to make himself a compact and determined set of enemies, and to end his life as a martyr. He did not side either with or against the speculative innovations which excited the interest of intellectual circles, but which hardly touched the class of men who passed sentence of death upon him. If anything, he inclined rather to conservatism with regard to religion and tradition, than to any enthusiasm for the new sceptical doctrines. "It did not follow"—so Mr. Godley describes the attitude of Socrates—"that because much of the old was admittedly bad, all of the new was necessarily good; both alike were open to question. . . . To follow accepted tradition was not more irrational than to be dazzled by the novelty of a reconstruction of society in a course of six lectures." The fact that Socrates

was found guilty of introducing a new religion and corrupting the young mind may partly be accounted for by the dignified, but irritating, line of defence which he adopted. But an Athenian jury was not composed either of bigots or of men who would commit an injustice with their eyes open. One is almost inclined to suspect that we have not heard the whole story, and that there was in the conversation, if not in the life, of the philosopher more reason for the suspicions entertained of him than appears from the records of Plato and Xenophon. Unless we are to dismiss Aristophanes as a reckless and malignant libeller, how can we account for his identifying Socrates with the Unjust Reason? He was yet more trenchant, it may be said, in his attacks upon Euripides. But in that case, it may be retorted, there was solid ground for a scorn and hatred which were, no doubt, overdone, but, nevertheless, were quite intelligible in one whom Mr. Godley neatly describes as "the very apostle of the *status quo*." Aristophanes (he goes on) "saw the danger of removing the sanction of tradition from before the eyes of a people only too quick to assimilate all ideas, bad and good alike; and certainly, if political decadence can be associated with social laxity, the bitterness of his satire on the Athenian youth *fin du siècle* was justified by later experience." Mr. Godley must be congratulated on the skill with which he has worked long passages from Plato and Xenophon (he is careful, by the way, to give full prominence to the less romantic, but probably more historical, sketch produced by the latter) into his own narrative, as well as on the literary skill which has enabled him to convey a great deal of solid information and suggestive thought in an easy and attractive form.

"A Wandering Scholar in the Levant." By David G. Hogarth, M.A., Fellow of Magdalen College, sometime Craven Fellow in the University of Oxford, F.S.A. With Illustrations. London: John Murray. 1896.

Let no unlearned reader be deterred from this entertaining book by a title that may seem to threaten accounts of *codices* collated and inscriptions deciphered. His solid research Mr. Hogarth reserves for the experts, and in this volume has confined himself to his personal adventures in the Levant and to accounts of the people and scenes he visited. The attempts to acquire antiquities by fair and open dealing in these districts is almost hopeless. If an Englishman settles down in the same locality for some months he may gradually acquire a good character for liberality; but the traveller is fair game for every art and trick of ignorant cunning. Yet Mr. Hogarth and his companions seem to have been fairly well able to hold their own. "A Greek inscription of moderate length," he says, "you may learn by heart while you haggle—I have never ceased to be half ashamed of having helped to cheat thus a Turk of the Mæander Valley, who had coloured purple a valueless *stèle* of Motilla and fixed its price at £50; but the owner of a hieroglyphic stone can defy anything but a detective camera, as we found in 1890 at Bor." A photograph (reproduced in this volume) of a Hittite monument was obtained by inviting the local officials to pose behind it. The Oriental is a born bargainer, and where railways are new to him he will offer half as much for his ticket as the booking clerk demands. "Once I scornfully asked a Greek trader, who had been haggling over a bargain for a whole week and gained thereby one piastre and a half over the price first offered, at what he valued his time. 'My time,' he exclaimed, 'what else should I do with it?' Mr. Hogarth is scornful of the talk about educating the Eastern peoples up to Western civilization. We are dominant, he says, in India and Egypt, not for their development but for our own, and to use them as our "stepping-stones to higher things." It may be good for our moral nature to indulge an "altruistic illusion" at home, but "no one who has been long in Egypt appears ever to talk about the 'political education' of the Egyptians." No little interest attaches to Mr. Hogarth's shrewd and kindly observations on the Turkish and Christian inhabitants of Anatolia, but his trip in that region was before the events which have attracted so much attention in Exeter Hall and other parts of Europe. The Armenian, he says, would be a negligible quantity—in spite of his ineffaceable nationalism, his passion for plotting, and his fanatical intolerance—if he did but stand alone. The nation is so torn with sects that it could be divided and ruled with ease. But behind the Armenian the Porte sees the Kurd, and behind the Kurd the Russian, and Armenian committees in London. "The Turk begins to repress because we sympathize, and we sympathize the more because he represses, and so the vicious circle revolves." With regard to Cyprus—which, by the way, Mr. Hogarth wants to have handed over to Egypt—he does not think that much remains to be found in the way of antiquities. The island has been industriously mined ever since Christianity prevailed sufficiently to destroy fear of the old gods and of the dead. At Paphos labyrinths of passages had been cut from tomb to tomb, in which early robbers had been at work for weeks and months together; but they had gone about their task in such a hurry that their leaveings were worth raking over. But for those early resurrectionists Cyprus would be a digger's paradise, as there are less difficulties than elsewhere in the Levant, which is very far

from being "one vast lucky tub, into which whose putteth his hand will draw out a prize." Schliemann, the most fortunate, and Petrie, the most systematic, of excavators have, we are assured, drawn many blanks in their time.

NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

"An Odd Situation." By Stanley Waterloo. London: Adam & Charles Black. 1896.

WE have seldom met with a book that pictures farm life with just Mr. Waterloo's fidelity. A very pleasant picture; but not the dream of an envious poet, thinking how happy the farmer must be, if only he had eyes to see it. We seem to hear the voice, not of Claudian, but rather of the old Veronese farmer whom he blessed, except that Jason Moore, the farm-hand who tells the tale, is an American citizen, and therefore less ignorant of the world's affairs, though his careful reading of the newspapers and his interest in politics do not lessen his enjoyment of the freer sky. Mr. Stanley Waterloo has been quite successful in keeping up the illusion, and our only quarrel with him is that every now and again he seems to doubt his success, and so he makes Jason Moore say he is only a plain man, and incapable of telling a story, more often than is necessary. The farm on which Jason works is partly in Canada and partly in New York State, and the consequent trouble with the tariff agents of both sides is the thread that connects the otherwise peaceful history of farm life. These troubles are interesting, they are well in the picture, they are the occasion of at least one very funny incident, and they lead up to a well-wrought catastrophe. But the worth of the book lies elsewhere, in the peace, in the "nec requies" of the daily task, the uneventful occurrences of prime importance—thatching, baking, or the fence that needs mending. And then there is the calendar writ large on the face of the earth, and the deep affection of the old man for the farmer and his wife with whom he lives. It is something to have made all this of engrossing interest.

"Etidorhpa; or, the End of Earth." By John Uri Lloyd. Cincinnati: The Robert Clarke Company. 1896.

This is the fourth edition of "The Strange History of a Mysterious Being and the Account of a Remarkable Journey," and a very dull history it is. After some hundred pages of preliminaries the hero of the book at last enters a Kentucky cave and starts on his journey with a mysterious guide who wiles away the time with long sermons on all the sciences, metaphysics, and the great future of the human race. If Mr. Uri Lloyd had meant his book to come into the hands of scientific men, it is to be presumed that he would not have put his science into this Vernesque dress, and so the unscientific reader may be allowed to say that his science is very lengthy, often quite uncalled for (in contradistinction to Verne's) and seldom astonishing. The fact is that the lay reader is not very easily astonished in these days. Mr. Lloyd introduces experiments which he can hardly expect his readers to follow, whereas the proofs and explanations given by Jules Verne are always short, sharp, and bewilderingly convincing, and they occur at exactly the right psychological moment. The Frenchman never allows humanity to go out of sight, we are always excited about the fate of his adventurous and clever characters. We do not care a straw about "I am the Man" and his queer guide. Obviously science and not art is Mr. Lloyd's province. Jules Verne was always an artist, and a great artist. The introduction to the drunkards is not impressive (except for the illustration), the meeting with Etidorhpa is very trivial, and the excellent illustrator here fails the writer. The only portion of the book that attracted us was the collection of newspaper reviews at the end. The "American Journal of Pharmacy" (Philadelphia) says: "There has never been any book like this one written." A critic in the "Inter-Ocean" (Chicago) says that during eighteen years of reviewing he has never "met with such a stumper as Etidorhpa. Its name is a stunner. . . ." The "Chicago Medical Times" says: "The work stands so entirely alone in literature, and possesses such a marvellous versatility of thought and idea, that, in describing it, we are at a loss for comparison. . . . It equals Dante in vividness and eccentricity of plot." The "New Bohemian" (Cincinnati) says: "In the lines it is the most characteristic book of the century; between the lines it may rank with Basil Valentine and Albert Pike. Scott, Byron, Coleridge, Shelley, Keats, and Tennyson have played like sunbeams on the waters of our century—this book will be the nest-egg for the next." According to the "Eclectic Medical Gleaner" (Cincinnati): "It is more than wonderful—it is glorious. Glorious with dictional beauties, dazzling thought-bursts, mighty scientific revelations, mystic charm, awesome occultism, weird enchantment, refined idealism, metaphysical atticism, and spiritual sweetness. . . . Naked science is the cold-fact part of God. Whence it necessarily happens that the reader of Etidorhpa is frequently taken into the chill realm of hard exactitude and into blood-freezing thought regions, where his soul is congealed by horrent rigour or drenched in uncanny mystery. He will be thrown alternately into eerie swithers and ecstatic wonder." Perhaps Mr. Lloyd, in "Etidorhpa," is not quite on the level of

Dante, Shelley, and Albert Pike; but if the "Eclectic Medical Gleaner" and its criticism are also the offspring of his imagination—and as far as we know this may be so—he has fairly capped the wicked Englishman's "Howls the Sublime."

"The Statement of Stella Maberly." Written by Herself.
London: T. Fisher Unwin. 1896.

At the opening of the book *Stella Maberly* is a tyrannical schoolgirl, adored by her fellows and her stepbrothers and sisters. She makes all the affectionate people who surround her miserable by her want of amiability, and though she repents of her cruelty and torments herself with contrition and tears when she is alone, a perversity she cannot control closes her up in sullenness directly she comes among other people. "I am afraid," she says, "I took a morbid pleasure in wounding or quarrelling with the friends I loved best for the mere emotional luxury of feeling miserable and alone and misunderstood." When she grows up and comes out, the torments of contrition lessen; she is prouder, more certain of herself. Older people may have a troublesome conscience; but the useless agony of self-accusation is a heavy cross of which children best know the weight. The pride of the grown-up *Stella* makes her oversensitive to slights; she almost purposely imagines ill-feeling where there is none. There is a touch of madness in all this; but many sane people go so far, and we cannot help wishing that the author had written an entirely different book about a sane *Stella*—difficult, impossible perhaps, to get on with, but sane. Madness is probably the most human thing that exists; but in these days, when we do not feel the presence of the revengeful god who maddens to confound, madness is less engrossing than sanity; it is, as it were, a continual discount off our interest. However, the author of "*Stella Maberly*" has written well and convincingly of the hallucinations that increase and gather round the head of her heroine, and we would not be ungrateful. All the way through she makes us understand *Stella's* attitude quite clearly, and yet the incidents that go on around her appear just enough through the veil of misconception to allow us a glimpse of how they really are. This double record is very skillfully kept, without lengthiness or apparent effort; but on one important occasion it breaks down, or else the relation of hallucination to the reality is too subtly stated for our dull comprehension. On page 80 *Stella*, in a moment of passion, confesses to Evelyn, her most intimate friend, that she loves Hugh, and that her rudeness to him was only a screen, since he is practically engaged to Evelyn. Evelyn tries to explain that *Stella* is mistaken, that there is no bond between herself and Hugh, that Hugh, in fact, comes to the house to see *Stella*, and had confided to her his despair of winning a woman who so obviously dislikes him. *Stella's* passionate behaviour prevents this explanation at the time, but Evelyn writes it all in a letter which *Stella* reads with ecstasy. There is no possibility that the attempted explanation and the successful letter are hallucinations, and we do not understand how it is that Evelyn, who loves *Stella* dearly and possesses the sweetest disposition, should allow Hugh to make love to her and marry her, after having written the letter. The mad *Stella* believes that the true Evelyn died after writing the letter, and that an evil spirit entered into her body, and so it is natural that *Stella* should accept Evelyn's perfidy as explained: but we see no explanation at all, and the perfidy is there plain enough. Most of the other cruel things that Evelyn does and says may be explained—they are hallucinations of *Stella's* as her madness increases; but the fact remains that Evelyn did write the letter and did marry Hugh, and we do not see why the author should not have permitted us a sane as well as an insane explanation of this. The puzzle might be solved in three ways; but we must confess that the most likely solution is our stupidity. For it is quite impossible the author could have made a mistake, a mere blunder, of this kind, and it is equally unlikely that she should have meant us to believe that Evelyn really did become possessed of a devil. This would lower the interest of the story to a pitiable extent, and the last scene, especially, contradicts the assumption, for there it is obvious that Evelyn, to the despair of her loving husband, is dying of heart disease, though *Stella* thinks that the ravages of illness on her face are the work of the evil spirit.

"The World's Great Snare." By E. Phillips Oppenheim.
London: Ward & Downey. 1896.

Mr. Phillips Oppenheim ought to feel contented; he can certainly write an ordinary novel of the ever-acceptable type, and if we may judge from the quickness with which his books succeed one another in print, he can turn the stuff out with great ease. "*The World's Great Snare*" displays the same error that we noticed some weeks ago in "*The Mystery of Mr. Bernard Brown*." It is not fair to keep the readers in the dark when the mysterious character is presented to them alone and thinking. Mystery can only exist legitimately through a mystified character, the reader must not be mystified directly. It may seem absurd to insist on such a point in reference to a story of this sort; but there is no telling what great improvements might come to pass if an author's morals were strung up

to the conviction that he must only use legitimate methods. His technique would certainly improve, and it is just possible that in the bracing air he might be led to look for a finer handling of his subject.

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A. MOIR, *London Secretary.*
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7 Lothbury, London, E.C. By order,
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